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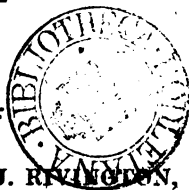


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THE
DELEGATE:
WITH SOME
ACCOUNT OF MR. JAMES DAWSON,
OF SPITAL-FIELDS.

MR. JAMES DAWSON is a man whose character stands high among his brethren, the weavers of Spital-fields. He is skilful in his business, industrious in his calling, sober in his habits, and punctual in his engagements: laborious in earning his money, and prudent in the use he makes of it. But what makes his good qualities and right habits uniform and consistent is, because they are built on the sure foundation of genuine Christianity. He is not one of those popular characters who are called *good-hearted*, because they have high animal spirits; who are reckoned no one's enemy but their own, because they spend all their gains in jovial company, and whose favourite motto is—a short life and a merry one.

The right actions which some worldly men perform—and happy is it for society that they are performed on *any* motive—are like summer showers, very refreshing where they fall, but soon exhausted, and are never to be depended upon: while the virtues of a real

Christian do not depend upon circumstance or accident, but flow from the perpetual fountain of a living principle ; and though much imperfection, much infirmity mixes with his best actions, yet his views will be right, his eye single, his motives pure. This was the case with James Dawson, he had received a better education than most in his rank of life ; this, together with the perusal of good books, and the conversation of good men, had greatly improved his natural understanding, as well as strengthened his pious dispositions. But his principal advantages arose from the preaching and the private instructions of the excellent clergyman who has the care of that parish in which his favoured lot had cast him.

A few years ago he married a prudent, well-disposed young woman, who had saved something in a genteel service where she had lived several years. They went on prosperously, and had got rather beforehand with the world. They always adopted that prudent custom of living within their income, whether wages were higher or lower. This they well knew was the great secret of independence, for the man who exceeds his income whether it be great or small, lays himself open to temptations which he may not always be able to resist. But this can only be avoided by a regular course of self-denial, cutting off all unnecessary indulgencies, and governing his whole behaviour in

small things as well as great ones by an habitual religious principle.

But the wise man truly observes, that as "the race is not always to the swift," so is not bread always to the man of understanding. In the common course of events Providence usually blesses honest industry with success; but the whole history of the world proves that outward prosperity is no certain mark of God's favour. Indeed were this universally the case, we should want one of the strongest arguments for a future state. But if the divine dispensations are mysterious, we know that they are holy, just, and good. If clouds and darkness are round about the throne of God, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.

Dawson's wife had been visited with a lingering sickness, during the whole of which his affection had led him to procure for her the best advice; and to supply her with every comfort which might alleviate her sufferings. At length she recovered, and things began to look cheerily. But while he was blessing and praising God for her restoration, other troubles came upon him. Poor Dawson fell dangerously ill himself, and became a partaker in the general distress with which it has pleased Divine Providence to visit this country during this last year. The times grew more and more unfavourable. Dawson never murmured, never expressed or indulged a hard thought

of the great Disposer of events, but by a cheerful continuance in well doing, shewed where all his trust and confidence were placed. The alteration in his little affairs appeared only in his resolute self-denial, and his voluntary privations, for he made every struggle to keep his head above water ; he resisted every temptation to unnecessary expence ; and because he did not repine, people never suspected he was poor. It is the clamorous who draw attention.

But in this last autumn of 1816, things every where grew worse, till with rapid strides distress seemed to overtake the industrious as well as the idle ; the sources of industry being dried up by the decline of trade, and the consequent failure of employment. Poor Dawson had that spirit of independence which every honest man feels, not from pride, but from a higher principle. Besides, he saw himself surrounded with the distresses of others, which his charity made him think heavier than his own, and which his humility made him think were less deserved. He did not apply for parochial relief, having observed that where men were eager in their applications of this nature on every slight grievance, the spirit sunk with the circumstances, and there was ever after little desire of struggling with difficulties, and of keeping clear from a dependence to which they had once been reduced. It is not that parish assistance really degrades the man, but it is a blessing on which he is too apt to repose,

after having once broken the ice, and reconciled his mind to the habit of dependence, a habit which slackens industry and nourishes sloth.

He had another reason for abstaining in this temporary distress. He knew that many of his neighbours were still worse off than himself. He was sick, indeed, but he had no children, most of them had several, and his conscience was so tender that he feared what might be given to him would be taken from them.

Christmas however was just at hand. A quarter's rent was due, and he saw with grief that, for the first time in his life, he should not be able to meet the demands of his landlord, who, to say the truth, was not much richer than himself. This made him consider it as a duty to apply for help, as soon as he should be sufficiently strong to go out. His well furnished but small apartment, began to be stripped, piece by piece, of his neat furniture. While he was conversing one evening with his wife on the approach of absolute want, she burst into tears, and said, O James, our creditable bed, which I had so much pleasure in buying with the money I saved in service, that I might have something to bring into the common little stock, that I fear must go next. He took her by the hand, saying, I hope not, Sarah; but even if that should be our sad case, we shall be no worse off than our blessed Master was, who had not where to lay his head. Let us

remember that He is our example for holiness, as well as our sacrifice for sin : be comforted. As we are not just now, through the decline of trade, allowed to labour for the meat that perisheth, let us labour more assiduously for that which endureth to eternal life.

Our clock, said Mrs. Dawson, is already gone, and she wept as she spoke. True, my dear Sarah, replied her husband, but if we are deprived of the pleasure of counting time, we are not debarred from the advantage of meditating on eternity, in which time will be soon swallowed up.

They then mournfully cast their eyes round the room, to see what they had more to part with. Sarah, whether by design or accident, I never could exactly learn, directed her's to a large handsome Bible, which Dawson had taken in every week in numbers during his apprenticeship, and got neatly bound as a present to his wife on their marriage. They cast on each other a look of anguish, but spoke not for some time. James hesitated not a moment between the bed and the Bible ; but he trembled lest his wife should bring them into competition. At length, clearing up his voice, he said, Sarah, when there is a storm at sea, and the ship is likely to go to the bottom, what is the practice of the sailors ? They first throw overboard all the heavy lading, then their most precious commodities, all this as the sole chance of saving that which is of most value—

their lives. O Sarah ! this book is the life of our souls, and we will keep it till the vessel sinks. Sarah said not a word, but shed tears, and looked very contrite.

Dawson went on. I will put another case to you, my dear Sarah : Suppose for the present you were in distressed circumstances, but that your father had bequeathed you an estate, of which you would be sure to come into possession at no distant day. Suppose he had made over to you by a great conveyancer, the certain enjoyment of this estate in a book which contained your title-deeds, as the only means by which your right to the estate could be made infallibly sure, of which no human power could dispossess you, and which would secure to you the certain, though not the immediate entrance on this estate, for what consideration would you sell this title-deed ? O, not for the wealth of the whole world ! exclaimed Sarah. Forgive me, O my heavenly Father, that such a thought, for I cannot call it a wish, entered my mind.

Sarah, said her husband, I have always admired a certain renowned king of Sweden, who never would allow any thing handsome in his tent except his Bible, which was magnificent : and amidst wars and camps, in which his whole life was spent for the defence of his country, no day ever passed, not even though a battle was to take place, without his reading a portion of Scripture. This book, Sarah, has been

the consolation of prisoners in dungeons, and martyrs at the stake, and shall it not support us under our inferior trials? Here Dawson, starting up said, one of the worst effects of sickness and sorrow is—they are apt to make one selfish. Talking of our own concerns, I had quite forgot that I have not been to visit Mrs. Brown since breakfast. Let us go and see how she is. So saying, they went into the adjoining apartment.

In that apartment lodged Mrs. Brown, a widow gentlewoman who had seen better days, but who had been gradually sinking into extreme poverty, from the failure of a tradesman to whom she had intrusted her small fortune. She had been compelled to give up a decent house of her own, for this single room. At first she bore this change in her circumstances with extreme patience. Solitude, sickness, and poverty, were indeed a severe trial to one always accustomed to ease and plenty. Her constant repining, aggravated her sufferings. But the kind offices, and the pious conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, had afforded great support and comfort to her dejected mind. Since matters had been so bad with these poor neighbours, they had agreed to make one fire suffice for both apartments, though it was now the coldest season of the year, and it was settled that it should be lighted alternately in each other's room; Mrs. Dawson kindly undertaking the little cookery for

them all. This worthy couple treated this afflicted woman with a delicacy which religion only could have taught them; for in her present destitute situation, they never forgot that she had been their superior.

Having provided her with what poor necessities they had to spare, they returned to their own room, and sat down cheerfully to their scanty dinner of potatoes and water, but not till they had blessed God that they were not left quite destitute. While James was saying grace there was a loud knocking at the door, and immediately there entered, self-introduced, a couple of smart-looking dashing young men. They had overheard at the door the devout ejaculation of Dawson, and when they beheld the banquet over which it had been pronounced, they burst out into a brutal laugh. Are these the delicacies for which you are so thankful? said one of the strangers. We are come to put you in a way of getting something worth saying "thank you" for. Dawson was offended at this profane levity, but made no reply.

You must know, said one of them, that this gentleman is a DELEGATE. A Delegate, said Dawson, what is that? From what government, from what constituted authority, what body corporate, what bench of magistrates does he come, and where are his credentials?

We come, said the stranger, commissioned by the highest authority in the world,—the

sovereign majesty of the people ; and as to our credentials, here they are ; both of them taking out of their loaded pockets, resolutions, speeches, and a number of petitions for signature. Are not these authorities high enough to please you, Mr. Dawson, said the spokesman, *vox populi* ; you know Latin enough to understand that, I suppose ?

I neither understand your Latin nor your English, said Dawson. Then I will explain both to you, replied the stranger : You must know then, that my friend and I are beating up for recruits. Recruits ! I thought the war had been over, said Dawson, with much simplicity. We have nothing to do with that wicked warfare, said the Delegate, in which our governors have so long involved this bleeding country ; but we have taken a leading part in a plan for healing all her wounds : we are pledged to diffuse to all, universal plenty, liberty, equality, and the rights of man. Dawson, I know you to be a man of sense, one of the first of the *thinking people*. You have a high character, and great influence over your neighbours in this populous district ; and if, as I doubt not, you are a true patriot, you will readily join the cause of liberty, in which I have the honour to be one of the standard bearers. Scores, I doubt not, will follow your example. Come, come, Dawson, I will pledge myself that you shan't be thankful for potatoes and water any more. You shall eat of the fat

of the land, and may depend on a fair share in the division of property, which is about to take place. No harm will happen; we shall only cross over, change hands, and figure in—that's all; you will be whisked into affluence in a twinkling, without knowing or caring how you came by it. You are my friend, countryman, and fellow-citizen; moreover, you are a man of knowledge and reading, and may expect to rise to every thing if you will join us. I will take care to secure you a good birth.—Sir, replied Dawson, you are pleased to say, that I am a man of reading. I did in my youth read a stage play, which was taken from true history, where the Orator, the man of the people, used just such obsequious complimentary language to the mob as you use to us. Friends, Romans, countrymen, was the slang employed to cajole the populace, whom the speaker despised, and laughed at in his sleeve. All this fulsome talk the mob swallowed just as a few of them do now, and were weak enough to believe, that the man who was so kind and condescending, was opening the door to freedom and plenty, when they were the very blessings of which he was labouring to deprive them. To his canting speeches he added crocodile tears, all for the sake of his *dear Romans, countrymen, and fellow-citizens*; and to mock them the more completely, in return for the substantial benefits of which he was robbing them, he offered them a *walk in*.

the pleasure grounds: just such a *take-in* as your offer of a bit of land, which will never be your's to give, and which if it were, would be a miserable exchange for all we must part with. Here the Delegate, to shew his learning, said, 'tis not a case in point. Antony wanted to make the people slaves; we want to make our slaves free. Here Dawson's English blood was heated. Sir, replied he, 'tis true the Roman people were slaves, but the Patriot only wanted to make them change masters, not to set them free. Britons are free already, and you would make them slaves: No, Sir, as the song says,

“ Britons never shall be slaves.”

The Orator was resolved not to lose his point, by losing his temper; and, therefore, began again to try the power of flattery over Dawson's mind, and repeated, that by joining them, he might expect to rise to public notice. Sir, replied Dawson, when gentlemen speak kindly to the poor, it is soothing and comfortable; but when they flatter them and set them above themselves, and try to fill them with high conceits, so as to make them discontented with their lot in life, it is clear they have some design upon them, some bad end to answer. This should lead every prudent man to look about him, and say, how can these things be? Is there not a snake in the grass?

The more he opposed, the more desirous

were the strangers to gain him over. Sir, said the Delegate, I have a friendship for you; you speak well, though on the wrong side. To what advantage would your talents appear, were you to exert them in the cause of the people? You may advance your fortune. You can speak well. Join our meeting next week. I will hire a handsome coat for you for the day, as you seem a little out at elbows. Without flattery, when you are well dressed, I know few men who will make a better figure. The Pawnbroker, at the three blue balls, is my friend, and often obliges me, for the sake of the cause, with the loan of a hat or a coat, without fee or reward, when I want to dress out a man of a good figure, like you, but to whom Fortune denies her favours.

I know of no such power as Fortune, said Dawson. I suppose you mean Divine Providence, the author and giver of every good gift.

Stuff! stuff! replied the stranger. That nonsense is done away now. We all believe and act as seemeth good in our own eyes. Can you really believe—that if there were such a being as him on whom you profess to depend, he would suffer such a worthy man as you to want bread? You have been led by priest-craft long enough. Men's eyes are now opened. Paine and Spence, and those other great enlighteners of the human mind, whose writings I shall leave with you (taking a fresh bundle

out of his pocket,) have clearly exposed the folly of the old school and the old book there, (pointing to the Bible,) which have kept so many noble minds in the trammels of superstition for ages. Here Sarah; who had never spoken a word, quietly took up the Bible, pressed it to her heart, and dropt on it a silent tear of love and reverence.

Sir, said Dawson, I shall carefully avoid entering on any religious disputes with you, because I should despair of opening your eyes; but I will this night earnestly pray God to convince you of your sin and danger. Though I can bear any ill language offered to myself, I cannot brook an insult on my Maker and my Redeemer; I cannot listen to profaneness towards my God, with the same temper that I can encounter reproach and ridicule on myself; and, as we are not likely to convince each other, we will, if you please, drop the conversation.

O! returned the Delegate, you are afraid, you begin to feel the weakness of your own cause, and the strength of mine. No, Sir, said Dawson, I feel the strength of my cause does not stand in need of so weak an advocate as myself. Besides, you know who has commanded us not to throw *pearls before swine*. Now it is out, said the other, you mean that turn-coat Patriot, who called the people *the svinish multitude*. Dawson, quite shocked at his ignorance, answered, No, Sir; the words

were uttered by the Redeemer of the world, and he applied them not to the populace of whom his followers chiefly consisted, and for whom he had the utmost tenderness, but to the profane, the scoffer, and the infidel. Unbelief, Sir, is the mother of pride, and disobedience and rebellion the offspring.

Well, well, said the Delegate, we won't quarrel about trifles. These are matters of inferior consideration. You may believe in your own way, provided you will act in our's. Will you, or will you not, bring a posse of your friends to our meeting next Monday? Let me know who want coats or hats, and I will take care they shall be well fitted.

Sir, replied Dawson, I will cut the matter short. He who is devoted to his God, will be faithful to his king. Did you never observe— You *must* have observed, had you ever looked into the Bible, how beautifully the religious, the loyal, and the social duties are entwined as it were one within another, so that you cannot tear them apart without violence. "Fear God, love the brotherhood, honour the king." Here is a summary of the duties of a Christian citizen. No one will keep either of these commands in perfection, who does not keep all.

All this, cried the Orator, was very well once in the days of ignorance and error. But it is all done away now; the lower classes think and read, and their understandings are opened.

No, Sir, replied Dawson, all this is not done away, nor will it be done away while a gracious and long suffering God, notwithstanding all our sins and provocations, is pleased to continue to us that Sabbath which he at first mercifully instituted. It will not be done away while we have ten or fifteen thousand public instructors, who, I trust, will labour on that Sabbath to counteract all the mischiefs which your party are propagating throughout the week. Working men do, as you observe, read, and though a few of them are drawn in, to read those pernicious tracts and papers which your gentry are cramming down their throats; yet, by the blessing of God on the national and other institutions for general education, and on those excellent societies which place the Bible within every one's reach, I agree with you, that the general understanding is improving, and that our beloved King's pious wish will, I hope, soon be fulfilled, that every man in England may be able to read his Bible.

Delegate.—Oh! oh! You are one of the saints, I find.

Dawson.—No, Sir; I am one of the sinners; for I am a human creature, of course corrupt. But I do not, I trust, willingly commit any known sin; now "*rebellion is a known sin.*"

Well, Dawson, said the Orator, I have done with you. I was mistaken in your cha-

racter. You are a low-minded fellow, in love with ignorance, hugging your chains, and deserving of the poverty, from which you will not assist to extricate yourself and your country. You will soon sing another note. Your potatoes cannot last for ever. Sir, replied Dawson, they are already exhausted. You see there the end of our stock. But I remember an old saying of a good writer, which is not the less true for being quaintly expressed—that *man's extremity is God's opportunity*. He who feeds the ravens, will not suffer us to perish for want: but “though he slay me, I will trust in him.”

Well, said the Orator, if you prefer beggary to affluence, obscurity to fame, and no bread at all, to a quartern loaf for three-pence, we must leave you to perish on your own dunghill. I would have restored your health, and made your fortune—that's all. Sir, replied Dawson, I once read, in the Spectator, I think, of a gentleman who had been long ill, and despaired of his own recovery: one of those quacks, with which that age abounded, who professed the magic art, offered the patient to make a perfect cure of him, if he would put himself into his hands. Sir, replied the gentleman, I had rather suffer by the hand of God, than be cured by the hand of the devil—I leave you to make the application.

You have one comfort, however, said the stranger, though your food fails, your beve-

rage is likely to hold out. If the rain continues as it has done the last ten months you won't want drink. Sir, said Dawson, the bad weather, like our other trials, is of God's sending. The use you have made of these dispensations of Providence, by ascribing them to causes not only absurd, but impossible, has been one of your grand instruments for unsettling the faith and disturbing the peace of weak minds, and will sooner or later bring down its punishment on the head of the inventors.— You are an incorrigible fellow, said the Delegate, and so we will leave you to the enjoyment of your *luxuries*; and be sure don't forget to say grace after *meat*, laying a strong emphasis on the word *meat*. With this cruel scoff he went away, just staying, however, to hear Dawson say—That I shall not forget to do, though nothing but the water was left me.

During this long altercation the potatoes had ceased to smoke. This was the day for the fire to be in Mrs. Brown's room, and while Sarah warmed them, Dawson related to the poor lady all that had passed.

About an hour after the strangers had taken leave, another knocking at the door was heard. On opening it what was his joy to see his own excellent minister. This good man had missed Dawson at church the last two or three Sundays. On any absence of this sort it was his custom to call and enquire the cause. But he had now an additional reason. He was ac-

accompanied by another of those benevolent gentlemen, who are giving not only their money, but what is to them of far more value, their time, in searching into the distresses of the Spitalfields weavers, and, like their good angels, were every where to be seen exploring and relieving misery.

It happened, as I said before, to be Dawson's day to have no fire. The gentlemen cast an eye on the empty grate, and sighed, but spoke not. As for Dawson, the joy of seeing his reverend friend filled his whole mind. The gentleman said, we feared you were in distress, and are come to assist you. Oh! thank you, sir, said Dawson, I am indeed distressed, but the greatest distress is in the next room. I was not bred to great things, and of course do not feel so keenly the pressure of want as those who are fallen from affluence; as is the unhappy case of this lady. Mr. G——, in Threadneedle Street, in whose hands her fortune was placed is become a bankrupt. If you please I will introduce you to her. So saying he opened the door. They were affected at the shabby gentility which the room displayed. They addressed her in the most kind and soothing language. Mrs. Brown, who had been used to talk of nothing but her pains and her wants, so that she had driven from her bedside her few friends, now uttered no complaints, but spent what little strength she had in praising her God, and expressing

her gratitude to Mr. Dawson. His wife, said she, made her last bit of tea for me this morning, but would not touch a drop herself. To this good man I owe under God, not only my patience under the sufferings of this life, but my hope of happiness in a better. His uniform example, his submission under the severest trials, have been to me a living sermon! He has proved to me that religion is a REALITY. When I was in prosperity, sir, I did not think of these things. I sometimes went to church, and then I thought all was done; but the world had fast hold of my heart. Mr. Dawson reads the Bible to me every morning, and then shews me by his conduct through the day, that he believes in it, that he acts upon it, that it has made him wise unto salvation. Poor Dawson could not stand this, but had slunk into his own room.

The gentlemen then gave her a liberal present, which she desired might be given into the hands of Dawson, who she knew would lay it out to the best advantage. They then went into Dawson's room, after she had told them of his extreme distress. He had been contriving to make a little blaze in the chimney, by a few sticks he had hoarded, and the gentlemen sat down. Mr. Dawson, said the unknown gentleman, you must allow me to reprove you for not letting us know how much you were distressed. We should have paid immediate attention to any afflicted fellow

creature, but a man of your character we certainly should not have neglected.

I humbly thank you, sir, said Dawson, feeling myself now able to walk, I did propose to wait on the Rev. Mr.—— to-morrow; but for near three weeks I have not been able to stir for the rheumatism. And have you been suffering so long, said the lay-gentleman, without knowing what we have been doing? I know nothing, sir, replied he, but that I heard the gentlemen talked of raising a subscription to relieve the most distressed. *Talked*, said the gentleman, why it is *done*, we have gone from house to house among the rich to raise money, and among the poor to distribute it. We have collected a large sum, divided the neighbourhood into districts which different gentlemen superintend. We attribute the general patience and subordination of the people to the religious instruction which so many of them attend.—Dawson broke out in thanks to God, and to his benefactors, that so many of his fellow creatures had been so mercifully relieved. The gentleman, with that humility which ever accompanies true piety, disclaimed the praise so justly his due, by saying, that the distressed had found friends and benefactors in every part of the kingdom. After leaving a small present relief they departed.

This was a day of events. After sitting a quarter of an hour with Mrs. Brown, they

were summoned back to their own room by a slight noise. A lad was placing on the table a large dish with a cover, and before they had time to ask any questions, he stepped to the door and brought in a pot of porter; then uncovered the dish, which contained a large smoking beef-steak. All this, which seemed to come by magic, really came from the cook's shop next door, sent by the two gentlemen. Speechless, they carried all into Mrs. Brown's chamber.

Reader! if a heart of flesh makes a part of thy anatomy; if impiety and jacobinism have not turned that heart to stone, thou wouldst have had its best feelings excited, hadst thou beheld this plentiful supper, cheerfully devoured by this little grateful party. Still more, if that heart of thine is alive to the overflowing thankfulness of pious Christians, for unexpected mercies, would that heart have rejoiced to unite in their devotions, before they retired to rest. It would have touched thy inmost soul, to hear Dawson read the 103d Psalm; he then read the 146th: but when he came to those two verses, "the Lord upholdeth all such as fall, and lifteth up all those that are down;"—and again, "the Lord will fulfil the desire of them that fear him, he also will hear their cry, and will help them:" his voice faltered, and he could scarcely articulate. He then prayed that "the hearts of the disobedient might be turned to the wisdom of the

just." But did he call down fire from heaven on those "unreasonable and wicked men," when he prayed that their evil designs might be frustrated? No; he kept his promise, in imploring God to change the hearts of the Delegate and his friend, that they might not be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin; but that they might repent, before repentance was too late. He concluded with a fervent petition for his country, for the Church and the State, and prayed that no weapon formed against them might prosper,—*a petition which, at this critical time, the writer of this little history humbly recommends to all the readers of it.*

Next morning, they found on their table a little provision of tea and sugar, and soon after arrived a supply of coals.—A few days afterwards one of the gentlemen called again; he told them he had taken down the name of the person in whose hands Mrs. Brown's money was when he failed. He had waited on the assignees, and had the satisfaction to learn that, though the pressure of the times had produced a temporary distress, yet Mr. G—— had satisfied his creditors, that he should immediately pay fifteen shillings in the pound, and probably before the year was out, the whole demand. Of course, Mrs. Brown's dividend would be forth-coming. Then, exclaimed she, Mr. Dawson, your quarter's rent, that sits so heavy at your heart, shall be dis-

charged the first thing. No thanks, I insist; for may you not say to me, as St. Paul did to Philemon, "thou owest unto me even thine own self?" The gentleman then informed them, that he had engaged a warehouse to employ Sarah in plain work, and assured Dawson that he should have regular assistance till his health was restored. He even gave him hope, that trade would soon revive, and that he would not be long without employment. Dawson, with tears of gratitude, could only repeat his favourite adage, that **MAN'S EXTREMITY, IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.**

THE
HISTORY
OF
MR. FANTOM,
THE NEW-FASHIONED
PHILOSOPHER AND REFORMIST,
AND HIS MAN WILLIAM.

MR. FANTOM was a retail trader in the city of London. As he had no turn to any expensive vices, he was reckoned a sober, decent man, but he was covetous and proud, selfish and conceited. As soon as he got forward in the world, his vanity began to display itself, but not in the ordinary method of making a figure and living away; but still he was tormented with a longing desire to draw public notice, and to distinguish himself. He felt a general sense of discontent at what he was, with a general ambition to be something which he was not; but this desire had not yet turned itself to any particular object. It was not by his money he could hope to be distinguished; for half his acquaintance had more, and a man must be rich indeed, to be noted for his

riches in London. Mr. Fantom's mind was a prey to vain imaginations.—He despised all those little acts of kindness and charity which every man is called to perform every day; and while he was contriving grand schemes which lay quite out of his reach, he neglected the ordinary duties of life, which lay directly before him.

About this time he got hold of a famous little book, written by the new philosopher, whose pestilent doctrine, both in religion and politics, have gone about seeking whom they may destroy; these doctrines found a ready entrance into Mr. Fantom's mind; a mind at once shallow and inquisitive, speculative and vain, ambitious and dissatisfied. As almost every book was new to him, he fell into the common error of those who begin to read late in life, that of thinking that what he did not know himself, was equally new to others; and he was apt to fancy that he and the author he was reading were the only two people in the world who knew any thing. This book led to the grand discovery; he had now found what his heart had panted after—a way to *distinguish himself*. To start out a full grown philosopher at once, to be wise without education, to dispute without learning, and to make proselytes without argument, was a short cut to fame, which well suited his vanity and his ignorance. He rejoiced that he had been so clever as to examine for himself, pitied his

friends who took things upon trust, and was resolved to assert the freedom of his own mind. To a man fond of bold novelties and daring paradoxes solid argument would be flat, and truth would be dull, merely because it is not new. Mr. Fantom believed, not in proportion to the strength of the evidence, but to the impudence of the assertion. The trampling on holy ground with dirty shoes, the smearing the sanctuary with filth and mire, the calling prophets and apostles by the most scurrilous names, the vilifying all established authorities in Church and State, was dashing and dazzling. Mr. Fantom now being set free from the chains of slavery and superstition, was resolved to show his zeal in the usual way, by trying to free others; but it would have hurt his vanity, had he known that he was the convert of a man who had written only for the vulgar, who had *invented* nothing; no, not even one idea of original wickedness, but who had stooped to rake up out of the kennel of infidelity and sedition, all the loathsome dregs and offal dirt, which politer unbelievers and levellers had thrown away, as too gross and offensive for their better bred readers.

Mr. Fantom, who considered that a philosopher must set up with a little sort of a stock in trade, now picked up all the common-place notions against Christianity and Government, which have been answered a hundred times

over; these he kept by him ready cut and dried, and brought out in all companies, with a zeal which would have done honour to a better cause, but which the friends to a better cause are not so apt to discover. He soon got all the cant of the new school. He prated about "narrowness," and "ignorance," and "bigotry," and "prejudice," and "priestcraft," on the one hand; and on the other of "public good," the "love of mankind," and "liberality," and "equality," and "candour," and "toleration," and above all, "benevolence." Benevolence, he said, made up the whole of religion, and all the other parts of it were nothing but cant and jargon, and hypocrisy. Finding, however, that he made little impression on his old club, at the Cat and Bagpipes, he grew tired of their company; yet there was one member whose society he could not resolve to give up, though they seldom agreed, as indeed no two men in the same class and habits of life could less resemble each other. Mr. Trueman was an honest, plain, and simple-hearted tradesman, of the good old cut, who loved peace and subordination, feared God, and followed his business; he went to church twice on Sundays, and minded his shop all the week, spent frugally, gave liberally, and saved moderately.

Mr. Fantom resolved to retire for a while into the country, and devote his time to his new plans, schemes, theories, and projects for

the public good. A life of talking, and reading, and writing, and disputing, and haranguing, and proselyting, now struck him as the only life; so he soon set out for the country with his family, to which was now added his new footman, William Wilson, whom he had taken, with a good character, out of a sober family. He was no sooner settled, than he wrote to invite Mr. Trueman to come and pay him a visit, for he would have burst, if he could not have got some one to whom he might display his new knowledge; he knew that if on the one hand Trueman was no scholar, yet on the other he was no fool; and though he despised his "prejudices," yet he thought he might be made a good decoy duck; for, if he could once bring Trueman over, the whole club at the Cat and Bagpipes might be brought to follow his example, and thus he might see himself at the head of a society of his own proselytes—the supreme object of a philosopher's ambition. Trueman came accordingly. He soon found, that however he might be shocked at the impious and rebellious doctrines his friend maintained, yet that an important lesson might be learnt even from the worst enemies of truth; namely, an ever-wakeful attention to their grand object. If they set out with talking of trade, of bad crops, or of private news, still Mr. Fantom was ever on the watch to hitch in his darling doctrines; whatever he began with, he was sure to end

with a pert squib at the Bible, a vapid jest on the clergy, a sneer at our rulers and legislators, the misery of unequal representation, or the blessing of universal suffrage. "Oh!" said Trueman to himself, "when shall I see Christians half so much in earnest? Why is it, that almost all zeal is on the wrong side?"

"Well, Mr. Fantom," said Trueman next day at breakfast, "I am afraid you are leading but an idle sort of life here."—"Sir," said Fantom, "I now begin to live to some purpose; I have indeed lost too much time, and wasted my talents on a little retail trade, in which one is of no note; one can't distinguish one's-self."—"So much the better," said Trueman, "I had rather not distinguish myself, unless it was by leading a better life than my neighbours. There is nothing I should dread more than being talked about. I dare say now heaven is in a good measure filled with people, whose names were never heard out of their own street or village. So I beg leave *not* to distinguish myself." "Yes, but one may, if it is only by signing one's name to a requisition for calling a public meeting, an essay, or a paragraph in a newspaper," said Fantom. "Heaven keep John Trueman's name out of a newspaper," interrupted he in a fright, "for it must either be found in the Old Bailey, or the Bankrupt's List, unless indeed I were to remove shop or sell off my old stock."—"But in your present confined situation, you can be

of no use," said Fantom.—"That I deny," interrupted the other. "I have filled all the parish offices with some credit. I never took a bribe at an election, no, not so much as a treat, and, thank God, this time of temptation to riot, idleness, and drunkenness, does not recur more frequently—I take care of my apprentices, and don't set them a bad example by running to plays, and Sadler's Wells in the week, or jaunting about in a gig all day on Sundays; for I look upon it that the country jaunt of the master on Sundays, exposes his servants to more danger than their whole week's temptations in trade put together."

Fantom. I once had the same vulgar prejudices about the Church and the Sabbath, and all that antiquated stuff. But even on your own narrow principles, how can a thinking being spend his Sunday better (if he must lose one day in seven by having any Sunday at all) than by going into the country to form plans for the good of the nation, and to admire the works of nature?

Trueman. I suppose you mean the works of God—for I never read in the Bible that nature made any thing. I should rather think that she herself was made by him who made all things—by him who, when he said, "thou shalt do no murder," said also, "thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day." Then in answer to your charge, that a little tradesman can do no good, I must tell you, that I belong to the

society for relieving prisoners for small debts, to the sick man's friend, to the saving banks, and to ———."

Fantom. Oh, enough—all these are petty occupations.

Trueman. Then they are better suited to petty men, of petty fortune. I had rather have an ounce of real good done with my own hands, and seen with my own eyes, than speculate about doing a ton in a wild way, which I know can never be brought about.

Fantom. I despise a narrow field. O for the reign of universal benevolence. I want to make all mankind free and happy.

Trueman. Dear me! sure that must be a wholesale sort of a job: had you not better try your hand at making a town or a parish happy first?

Fantom. Sir, I have a plan in my head for relieving the miseries of the whole world. Every thing is bad, as it now stands. I would alter all the laws, and do away all the religions, and put an end to all the taxes and all the wars in the world. I would every where redress the injustice of fortune, or what the vulgar call providence. I would put an end to all punishments, I would not leave a single prisoner on the face of the globe. This is what I call doing things on a grand scale.—“A scale with a vengeance,” said Trueman. “As to releasing the prisoners, however, I don't so much like that, as it would be pleasing a few

rogues, at the expence of all honest men ; but as to the rest of your plan, if all " Christian countries would be so good as to turn Christians," it might be helped on a good deal. There would be still misery enough left indeed, because God intended this world should be earth, and not heaven. But still, banishing irreligion from the world would be like striking off all the pounds from an overcharged bill : and all the troubles which would be left, would be reduced to mere shillings, pence, and farthings, as one may say."

Fantom. Your project would rivet the chains which mine is designed to break.

Trueman. Sir, I have no projects. Projects are in general the offspring of restlessness, vanity, and idleness. I am too busy for projects, too contented for theories, and, I hope, have too much humility for a philosopher, or for a reformist, in your sense of the word. The utmost extent of my ambition at present is—to redress the wrongs of a *parish 'prentice, who has been cruelly used by his master* ; indeed, I have another little scheme, which is to prosecute a fellow in our street, who has let a poor wretch in a work-house, of which he had the care, perish through neglect, and you must assist me.

Fantom. The parish must do that ; as to me, I own that the wrongs of the great mass of the people so fill my mind, as to leave me no time to attend the petty sorrows of work-

houses and parish 'prentices. It is provinces, empires, continents, that the benevolence of the philosopher embraces ; every one can do a little paltry good to his next neighbour.

Trueman. Every man can, but I don't see every man does. If they would, indeed, your business would be ready done to your hands, and your grand ocean of benevolence would be filled with the drops which private charity would throw into it. I am glad, however, you are such a friend to the prisoners, because I am just now getting a little subscription from our club, to set free your poor old friend Tom Saunders, a very honest brother tradesman, who got first into debt, and then into gaol, through no fault of his own, but merely through the pressure of the times. We have each of us allowed a trifle every week towards maintaining Tom's young family since he has been in prison, but we think we shall do much more service to Saunders, and indeed in the end lighten our own expence, by paying down at once a little sum to restore to him the comforts of life, and put him in a way of maintaining his family again. We have made up the money all except five guineas. I am already promised four, and you have nothing to do but to give me the fifth. And so for a single guinea, without any of the trouble, the meetings, and the looking into his affairs, which we have had, you will at once have the pleasure (and it is no small one) of helping to save a

worthy family from starving, of redeeming an old friend from gaol, and of putting a little of your boasted benevolence into action. Realize! master Fantom, there is nothing like realizing." "Why, harkee, Mr. Trueman," said Fantom, stammering, and looking very blank, "don't think I value a guinea; no, Sir, I despise money, 'tis trash, 'tis dirt, and beneath the regard of a wise man. 'Tis one of the unfeeling inventions of artificial society. Sir, I could talk to you for half a day on the abuse of riches, the necessity of a more equal distribution of them, and on my own contempt of money."

Trueman. O pray don't give yourself the trouble, it will be an easier way by half of proving all this, just to put your hand in your pocket and giving me the guinea, without saying a word about it: and then to you who value time so much, and money so little, it will cut the matter short. But come now, (for I see you will give nothing) I should be mighty glad to know what is the sort of good you do yourself since you always object to what is done by others." "Sir," said Mr. Fantom, "the object of a true philosopher is to diffuse light and knowledge, and equality and freedom. I wish to see the whole world enlightened."

Trueman. Amen! if you mean by the light of the Gospel. But if you mean that one religion is as good as another, and that no religion is the best of all: and if you mean by freedom

a turbulent resistance against all government ; in short, if you want to make the whole world philosophers, why they had better stay as they are. But as to the true light, I wish it to reach the very lowest, and I therefore bless God for charity schools, as instruments of diffusing it.

Fantom, who had no reason to suspect that his friend was going to call upon him for a subscription on this account, ventured to praise them.—Saying, “ I am no enemy to these institutions. I would, indeed, change the object of instruction, but I would have all the whole world instructed.”

Here Mrs. Fantom, who with her daughter had quietly sat by at their work, ventured to put in a word, a liberty she seldom took with her husband, who, in his zeal to make the whole world free and happy, was too prudent to include his wife.—“ Then, my dear,” said she, “ I wonder you don’t let your own servants be taught a little. The maids can scarcely tell a letter, or say the Lord’s Prayer, and you know you won’t allow them time to learn. William too has never been to church since we came out of town. He was at first very orderly and obedient, but now he is seldom sober of an evening ; and in the morning, when he should be rubbing the tables in the parlour, he is generally lolling upon them, and reading your little manual of the new philosophy.” “ Mrs. Fantom,” said her husband angrily,

"you know that my labours for the public good, leave me little time to think of my own family. I must have a great field, I like to do good to hundreds at once."

"I am very glad of that, papa," said Miss Polly, "for then I hope you won't refuse to subscribe to the general fund for the relief of the labouring poor in this time of universal distress, about which the gentlemen were talking to you yesterday, and then you know there will be thousands done good to at once."

Trueman. Well, Mr. Fantom, you are a wonderful man to keep up such a stock of benevolence at so small an expence. To love mankind so dearly, and yet avoid all opportunities of doing them good; to have such a noble zeal for the millions, and to feel so little compassion for the units; surely none but a philosopher could indulge so much philanthropy, and so much frugality at the same time.

Fantom. I despise the man whose benevolence is swallowed up in the narrow concerns of his own family or parish, or country.

Trueman. Well, now I have a notion that 'tis as well to do one's own duty, as that of another man, and to do good at home as well as abroad; and I had as lieve help Tom Saunders to freedom, as to waste my time in wild and ignorant political theories. One must begin to love somewhere, and to do good somewhere, and I think, 'tis as natural to love one's own family, and to do good in one's neigh-

bourhood, as to any body else. And if every man in every family, parish, and county, did the same, why all the schemes would meet, and the end of one parish where I was doing good, would be the beginning of another where somebody else was doing good, so my schemes would jut into my neighbour's, and all would fit with a kind of dove-tail exactness."

Here they were told dinner was on the table. "Don't think," said Fantom, "that you have the best of the argument, because you happen to have the last word. We will finish our talk some other time." So saying they went up to dinner.

When they sat down, Mr. Fantom was not a little out of humour, to see his table in some disorder. William was also rather more negligent than usual. If the company called for bread, he gave them beer, and he took away the clean plates, and gave them dirty ones. Mr. Fantom soon discovered that his servant was very drunk; he flew into a violent passion, and ordered him out of the room, charging that he should not appear in his presence in that condition. William obeyed; but having slept an hour or two, and got about half sober, he again made his appearance. His master gave him a most severe reprimand, and called him an idle, drunken, vicious fellow. "Sir," said William, very pertly, "if I do get drunk now and then, I only do it for the good of my country, at the meetings for the good of the

nation, to consult about a reform in parliament, in obedience to your wishes."

Mr. Fantom, truly provoked, now began to scold him in words not fit to be repeated, and asked him what he meant. "Why, Sir," said William; "you are a philosopher, you know, and I have often overheard you say to your company, that private vices are public benefits; and so I thought that getting drunk was as pleasant a way of doing good to the public as any, especially when I could oblige my master at the same time:"

"Get out of my house," said Mr. Fantom, in a great rage. "I do not desire to stay a moment longer, so pay me my wages." "Not I, indeed," replied the master, "nor will I give you a character, so never let me see your face again." William took his master at his word, and not only got out of the house, but out of the country too as fast as possible. When they found he was really gone, they made a hue-and-cry, in order to detain him till they had examined if he had left every thing in the house as he had found it. But William had got out of reach, knowing he could not stand such a scrutiny. On examination, Mr. Fantom found that all his port was gone, and Mrs. Fantom missed three of her best new spoons. William was pursued, but without success, and Mr. Fantom was so much discomposed, that he could not for the rest of the day talk on any subject but his wine and his spoons, nor harangue on any project

but that of recovering both by bringing William to justice.

Some days passed away, in which Mr. Fantom having had time to cool, began to be ashamed that he had been betrayed into such ungoverned passion. He made the best excuse he could, said no man was perfect, and though he owned he had been too violent, yet he still hoped William would be brought to the punishment he deserved. "In the mean time," said Mr. Trueman, "seeing how ill philosophy has agreed with your man, suppose you were to set about teaching your servants in future a little religion?" Mr. Fantom coolly replied, "that the impertinent retort of a drunken footman could not spoil a system." "Your system, however, and your own behaviour," said Trueman, "have made that footman a scoundrel: and you are answerable for his offences." "Not I, truly," said Fantom, "he has seen me do no harm; he has neither seen me cheat, gamble, nor get drunk; and I defy you to say I corrupt my servants, I am a moral man, Sir."—"Mr. Fantom," said Trueman, "if you were to get drunk every day, and game every night, you would indeed endanger your own soul, and give a dreadful example to your family; but great as those sins are, (and God forbid that I should attempt to lessen them) still they are not worse, nay, they are not so bad as the pestilent doctrines with which you infect your

house and your neighbourhood. A bad action is like a single murder, but a wicked principle is throwing lighted gunpowder into a town, it is poisoning a river; there are no bounds, no certainty, no end to its mischief. The ill effects of the worst action may cease in time, and the consequences of your example may end with your life, but souls may be brought to perdition by a wicked principle, after the author of it has been dead for ages.

Fantom. You talk like an ignoramus, who has never read the new philosophy. All this nonsense of future punishment is now done away. It is our benevolence which makes us reject your creed; we can no more believe in a Deity who permits so much evil in the present world, than one who threatens eternal punishment in the next.

Trueman. What! shall mortal be more merciful than God? Do you pretend to be more compassionate than that gracious Father, who sent his Son into the world to die for sinners?

Fantom. You talk of your notions of the Deity from the vulgar views your Bible gives you of him."—"To be sure I do," said Trueman; "can you tell me any way of getting a better notion of him? I don't want any of your farthing-candle philosophy, in the broad sun-shine of the Gospel, Mr. Fantom. My Bible tells me, that 'God is love;' not merely loving, but LOVE. Now do you think a Be-

ing whose very essence is love, would permit any misery among his children here, if it was not to be, some way or other, or some where or other, for their good? You forget too that in a world where there is sin there *must* be misery. Then too, I suppose, God permits misery partly to exercise the suffering, and partly to try the prosperous; for by trouble God corrects some and tries others. Suppose now, Tom Saunders had not been put in prison you and I—no, I beg your pardon, *you* saved your guinea; well then, our club and I could not have shewn our kindness by getting him out, nor would poor Saunders himself have had an opportunity of exercising his own patience under want and imprisonment. So you see one reason why God permits misery is, that good men may have an opportunity of lessening it.”—Mr. Fantom replied, “There is no object which I have more at heart; I have, as I told you, a plan in my head, of such universal benevolence, as to include the natural rights and happiness of all mankind.”—“Mr. Fantom,” said Trueman, “I feel that I have a general good-will towards all my brethren of mankind; and if I had as much money in my purse, as I have love in my heart, I trust I should prove it; all I say is, that in a station of life where I can’t do much, I am more called upon to procure the happiness of a poor neighbour, who has no one else to look to, than to form wild plans for the

good of mankind, too extensive to be accomplished, and too chimerical to be put in practice. I can't free whole countries, nor reform the evils of society at large, but I *can* free an aggrieved wretch in a work-house, and I can labour to reform myself and my own family.

Some weeks after, a letter was brought to Mr. Fantom, from his late servant William, who had been turned away for drunkenness, as related in the former part of this history, and who had also robbed his master of some wine and some spoons. Mr. Fantom, glancing his eye over the letter, said, "It is dated from Chelmsford gaol; that rascal has got into prison. I am glad of it with all my heart, it is the fittest place for such scoundrels. I hope he will be sent to Botany Bay, if not hanged."—"O, ho! my good friend," said Trueman, "then I find that in abolishing all prisons, you would just let one stand for the accommodation of those who should happen to rob *you*." Mr. Fantom drily observed, that he was not fond of jokes, and proceeded to read the letter. It expressed an earnest wish that his late master would condescend to pay him one visit in his dark and doleful abode, as he wished to say a few words to him, before the dreadful sentence of the law, which had already been pronounced, should be executed.

"Let us go and see the poor fellow," said Trueman, "it is but a morning's ride. If he is really so near his end, it would be cruel to

refuse him."—Not I, truly," said Fantom; "he deserves nothing at my hands, but the halter he is likely to meet with. Such port as is not to be had for money, and the spoons, part of my new dozen."—"As to the wine," said Trueman, "I am afraid you must give that up, but the only way to get any tidings of the spoons, is to go and hear what he has to say: I have no doubt but he will make such a confession as may be very useful to others, which you know is one grand advantage of punishments; and, besides, we may afford him some little comfort."—"As to comfort, he deserves none from me," said Fantom, "and as to his confessions, they can be of no use to me, but as they give me a chance of getting my spoons, so I don't much care if I do take a ride with you."

When they came to the prison, Mr. Trueman's tender heart sunk within him. He deplored the corrupt nature of man, which makes such rigorous confinement needful, not merely for the punishment of the offender, but for the safety of society. Fantom, from mere trick and habit, was just preparing a speech on general benevolence, the oppressiveness of government, and the cruelty of imprisonment, till the recollection of his old port and his new spoons cooled his ardour, and he went on without saying a word. When they reached the cell where the unhappy William was confined, they stopped at the door.

The poor wretch had thrown himself on the ground, as well as his chains would give him leave. He groaned piteously, and was so swallowed up with a sense of his own miseries, that he neither heard the door open, nor saw the gentlemen. He was attempting to pray, but in an agony which made his words hardly intelligible. Thus much they could make out: "God be merciful to me a sinner—the chief of sinners!" Then suddenly attempting to start up, but prevented by his irons, he roared out—"O God! thou can'st *not* be merciful to me, for I have denied thee; I have ridiculed my Saviour, who died for me; I have derided his word; I have resisted his spirit, I have laughed at that heaven which is shut against me; I have denied those torments which await me. To-morrow! to-morrow! O for a longer space for repentance: O for a short reprieve from hell!"—Mr. Trueman wept so loud, that it drew the attention of the criminal, who now lifted up his eyes, and cast on his late master a look so dreadful, that Fantom wished for a moment that he had given up all hope of the spoons, rather than have exposed himself to such a scene. At length the poor wretch said, in a voice that would have melted a heart of stone, "Oh, sir, are you there? I did wish to see you before my dreadful sentence is put in execution. Oh, sir! to-morrow, to-morrow! But I have a confession to make to you." This revived Mr. Fantom, who again ventured to

glance a hope at the spoons.—“ Sir,” said William, “ I could not die without making my confession.”—“ Aye, and restitution too, I hope,” replied Fathom, “ where are my spoons?”—“ Sir, they are gone, with the rest of my wretched booty. But, oh, sir, those spoons make so petty an article in my black account, that I hardly think of them. Murder, sir, murder is the crime for which I am justly doomed to die. Oh! sir! who can dwell in everlasting burnings?” As this was a question which even a philosopher could not answer, Mr. Fantom was going to steal off, especially as he now gave up all hopes of the spoons; but William called him back.—“ Stay, sir, stay, I conjure you, as you will answer it at the bar of God. You are the cause of my being about to suffer a shameful death. Yes, sir, you made me a drunkard, a rebel, a thief, and a murderer.”—“ How dare you, William,” cried Mr. Fantom, with great emotion, “ accuse me of being the cause of such horrid crimes?”—“ Sir,” answered the criminal, “ from you I learnt the principles which led to those crimes. By the grace of God I should never have fallen into sins deserving of the gallows, if I had not often overheard you say there was no hereafter, no judgment, no future reckoning. Oh, sir! there is a hell, dreadful, inconceivable, eternal!” Here, through the excess of anguish, the poor fellow fainted away.—Mr. Fantom, who did not at all relish this scene,

said to his friend, "Well, sir, we will go, if you please; for you see there is nothing to be done."

"Sir," replied Mr. Trueman, mournfully, "you may go, if you please, but I shall stay; for I see there is a great deal to be done."—"What," rejoined the other, "do you think it possible his life can be saved?"—"No, indeed," said Trueman, "but I hope it is possible his soul may be saved."—"I don't understand these things," said Fantom, making towards the door.—"Nor I neither," said Trueman, "but as a fellow-sinner, I am bound to do what I can for this poor fellow. Do you go home, Mr. Fantom, and finish your treatise on universal benevolence, the rights of the people, and the blessed effects of philosophy; and, harkee, be sure you let the frontispiece of your book represent *William on the gibbet*; that will be what our parson calls a PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION. You know I hate theories; this is *realizing*, this is PHILOSOPHY made easy to the meanest capacity."

Mr. Fantom sneaked off to finish his work at home, and Mr. Trueman staid to finish his in the prison. He passed the night with the wretched convict; he prayed with him, and for him, and read to him the penitential psalms, and some portion of the Gospel. But he was too humble and too prudent a man to venture out of his depth by arguments and consolations which he was not warranted to

use (this he left to the minister.) But he pressed on William the great duty of making the only amends now in his power to those whom he had led astray. They then drew up the following paper, which Mr. Trueman got printed, and gave away at the place of execution.

The last Words, Confession, and dying Speech,

OF WILLIAM WILSON,

Who was executed at Chelmsford, for Murder.

I was bred up in the fear of God, and lived with credit in many sober families, in which I was a faithful servant. But being tempted by a little higher wages, I left a good place to go and live with Mr. Fantom, who, however, made good none of his fine promises, but proved a hard master. In his service, though I was not allowed time to go to church, I was encouraged to attend every profligate and seditious meeting in the neighbourhood. This troubled me at first, till I overheard my master say, that going to church was a superstitious prejudice, and only meant for the vulgar. Upon this, I resolved to go no more; for I thought there could not be two religions—one for the master, and one for the servant. Finding my master never prayed, I too left off praying; this gave Satan great power over

me, so that I from that time fell into almost every sin. I was very uneasy at first, and my conscience gave me no rest; but I was soon reconciled, by overhearing my master and another gentleman say—that death was only a long sleep; and hell and judgment were but an invention of priests, to keep the poor in order. I mention this as a warning to all masters and mistresses, to take care what they converse about while servants are waiting at table. They cannot tell how many souls they have sent to perdition by such loose talk. The crime for which I die is the natural consequence of the principles I learnt of my master. A rich man, indeed, who throws off religion, may escape the gallows, because want does not drive him to commit those crimes which lead to it; but what shall restrain a needy man, who has been taught that there is no dreadful reckoning? Oh, my dear fellow-servants! take warning by my sad fate; never be tempted away from a sober service, for the sake of a little more wages. Never venture your immortal souls in houses where God is not feared. And now hear me, O my God, though I have blasphemed thee; forgive me, O my Saviour! though I have denied thee. O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, deliver me from the bitter pains of eternal death! and receive my soul, for his sake who died for sinners.

WILLIAM WILSON.
D

Mr. Trueman would never leave this poor penitent, till he was launched into eternity, but attended him, with the minister, in the cart. This pious minister never cared to tell me what he thought of William's state. When I ventured to mention my hope, that though his penitence was late, yet it was sincere; and spoke of the dying thief on the cross, as a ground of encouragement, the minister, with a very serious look, made me this answer:—
“ Sir, that instance is too often brought forward on occasions to which it does not apply. I do not chuse to say any thing to your application of it in the present case, but I will answer you in the words of a good man, speaking of the penitent thief. There is *one* such instance given that nobody might despair, and there is *but one*, that nobody might presume ”

Poor William was turned off just a quarter before eleven; and may the Lord have mercy on his soul!

**THE
PRIVATE VIRTUES
OF
PUBLIC REFORMISTS;
OR,
A CONTINUATION
OF THE
HISTORY OF MR. FANTOM.**

My readers may remember that the last separation between Mr. Fantom and Mr. Trueman took place in the condemned cell in Chelmsford gaol, just before the execution of the unfortunate servant, William, who had been brought to that deplorable end, by the corrupt principles and loose practices of that celebrated reformist.

After witnessing the sad effects of this man's conversation and example, Mr. Trueman had resolved to drop all acquaintance with him. Some circumstances, however, occurred, which made it necessary that he should pay him one more visit. The case was this:—They had formerly been jointly concerned in a certain branch of trade, and it had lately come out that Mr. Fantom had

good reasons for putting off, from time to time, the adjustment of this business. His former statements, indeed, had never been so perfectly accurate, but that they always required revision. But though a shop-book had long been too narrow a field, and exactness in accounts too plebeian a quality for so aspiring a genius, yet Mr. Fantom's mind had so far the properties which the first genius in this country required in a great man, that it could contract as well as dilate itself, when the profit was personal, and the reputation not exposed.

I shall pass over this transaction with only observing—that the politician, who was so able and willing to pay off the national debt at a stroke, found a thousand reasons for delaying, and even evading the payment of a lawful private debt of a hundred pounds. He consented, however, to settle the matter, if Mr. Trueman would wait a day or two: to the lengthening this visit the latter reluctantly consented.

Kindness, forbearance, and charity, were such powerful principles in Mr. Trueman's mind, that he was resolved to make good use of that last opportunity; for he used to apply to the diseases of the soul, that common observation on those of the body—while there is life, there is hope.

Seeing on the tea-table a couple of papers, written to degrade the religion and government of the country, Mr. Trueman said, I am

not surprised to find these writings on *your* table, Mr. Fantom; but I must say, I have often lamented that so many good men take in papers and periodical publications, written on principles which they abhor. Thus they at once lend the credit of their names to dangerous works, give more extensive circulation to corrupt principles, and injure the minds of their servants, who naturally take up the papers, when their masters lay them down. Many have thus been made jacobins.

Instead of answering him, Mr. Fantom put into his hands some new tracts, just published by some of his friends. Among others equally profligate and profane, were the new Parody on the Litany, and the Sinecurist's Creed, saying, "Here, sir, in these different pieces you will find both wit and argument. If one of these will not laugh you out of your prejudices, and the other reason you out of them, I shall have no hope of you." Trueman pushed the papers from him with indignation. Fantom smiled maliciously, and said, "I perceive that you either feel your own cause to be very weak, or that you are afraid of having your eyes opened, and your mind enlightened, by the exposure of superstition and fanaticism."—"Neither the one nor the other," replied Trueman. "My principles, I trust, are too deeply rooted, to be shaken by much stronger arguments, and more plausible reasoning, than are to be found in such

flimsy wickedness, as I suppose I should find here. But I have made it a rule, from which I never depart, not to cast my eyes on any thing which I know to be of a corrupt tendency. Sinful curiosity was the first sin of the first woman, and it is still one of the unhappy consequences of that original offence. But, sir, though it will not shake my faith, it may possibly occur to my mind, and that at a very serious season: I mean in public worship. Even that little common story of levity in Dean Swift, in reading the exhortation at church to only one or two auditors, has, I am persuaded, occurred to the recollection of many in a very thin congregation, and, perhaps, broke in on a very pious train of thought. No, Mr. Fantom, I will not voluntarily associate in my mind good things with bad ones, lest when I have invited the good thought, the bad one should present itself uninvited."

During dinner and tea, Mr. Trueman had frequently cast his eye on Mr. Fantom's servant James; he had some indistinct remembrance of his face, which he seemed to connect with some court of justice, but, as he thought he must be mistaken, he said nothing.

In the course of the afternoon's conversation, Mr. Fantom, with his usual pertinacity, introduced some sneers against religion, after having exhausted his stock of abuse on go-

vernment and the laws. "Yes, sir," said Trueman, "I understand you: the connection in your mind is natural; nay, almost inseparable. I have generally found in gentlemen of your fraternity, the abhorrence of good government, united to a hatred of all religion. The reason is obvious; there are restraints in both. There is subordination in both. In both cases the hatred arises from the same cause: the hatred of a superior. In your politics, you dislike an earthly king; the Scripture says, "there is also another king—one Jesus." "We will not have this man to reign over us." Sovereignty, in both instances, is a superiority which you cannot endure.

To evade a subject, in which he perceived his eloquence would be fruitless, he turned the conversation to philanthropy, love of his country, and universal benevolence. Yes, sir, said he, a man of large views will be ever on the watch for great occasions, to prove his benevolence.

True, sir, said Trueman; but if those objects are so distant that he cannot reach them, or so vast that he cannot grasp them, he may let a thousand little snug, kind, good actions slip through his fingers in the mean while. And so, between the great things which he cannot do, and the little ones that he will not do, life passes, and nothing is done.

Just at this moment, Miss Polly Fantom, whose mother had just left the room, started

up, let fall her work, and cried out, "O papa, do but look what a monstrous great fire there is yonder on the common. If it were the fifth of November, I should think it was a bonfire. Do look how it blazes?" "Is it any out-house of mine? fly, ring the bell," said Fantom, running to the window in much alarm. Then coolly returning to his seat, "I see plainly enough what it is, (sitting down without the least emotion.) It is Jenkins's cottage on fire." "What, poor Jenkins, who used to work in our garden, papa?" said the girl in great terror. "Don't be frightened, child," said her father; "we are safe enough, the wind blows the other way. Why did you disturb us for such a trifle, as it was so distant? Come, Mr. Trueman, sit down."—"Sit down!" said Trueman; "Sir, I am not a stock nor a stone, but a man, made of the same common nature with him whose house is burning. Come along, let us fly to help him," continued he, running to the door in such haste, that he forgot to take his hat, though it lay just before him. "Come, Mr. Fantom, come my little dear, I wish your mamma was here, we may all do some good; every body may be of use at a fire. Even you, Miss Polly, may save some of these poor people's things in your apron, while your papa and I hand the buckets." All this he said as he ran along with the young lady in his hand, not doubting but Fantom and his whole fa-

mily were close at his heels.—But the present distress was neither grand enough, nor of sufficient extent to satisfy the wide-stretched benevolence of a reformist, who wanted to free a whole nation at a stroke. So he sat down within sight of the flames, to continue his work on liberty, philosophy, and general benevolence.

His daughter, indeed, who happily was not yet a philosopher, with Mr. Trueman, followed by the maids, who were called back, soon reached the scene of distress. James, the footman, refused to assist, glad of such an occasion of being revenged on Jenkins, whom he called a surly fellow, for presuming to complain; because James always purloined the best fruit for himself, before it reached his master's table. Jenkins also, whose duty it was to be out of doors, had refused to leave his own work in the garden, to do James's work in the house, while he got drunk, or read the new seditious papers. It will be seen hereafter why Mr. Fantom, fiery as he was, bore all this.

The little dwelling of Jenkins burnt furiously. Mr. Trueman's exertions were of the utmost service. He directed the willing, and gave an example to the slothful. By living in London, he had been more used to the calamity of fire than the country people, and knew better what was to be done. In the

midst of the bustle he saw one woman only, who never attempted to be of the least use. She ran backwards and forwards, wringing her hands, and crying out, in a tone of piercing agony, "O my child, my little Tommy! will no one save my Tommy?" Any woman might have said the same words, but the thrilling tone with which they were uttered, and the wild look which explained them, could proceed only from a mother. Trueman did not stop to ask if she were the owner of the house, and the mother of the child. It was his way to do all the good which could be done first, and then to ask questions. All he said was, "Tell me which is the room?" The poor woman, now speechless through terror, could only point up to a little window in the thatch, and then sank on the ground. ♣

Mr. Trueman made his way through a thick smoke, and ran up the narrow stair-case, which the fire had not yet reached. He got safely to the loft, snatched up the little blooming creature, who was sweetly sleeping in its poor hammock, and brought it down naked in his arms. And as he gave it to the half-distracted mother, he felt that her joy and gratitude would have been no bad pay, for the danger he had run, even if no higher motive had set him to work. Poor Jenkins, half stupefied by his misfortune, had never thought of

his child; and his wife, who expected every hour to make him father to a second, had been equally incapable of saving it.

Mr. Trueman now put the naked babe into Miss Fantom's apron, saying, "Did I not tell you, my dear, that every body could be of use at a fire?" He then desired her to carry the child home, and ordered the poor woman to follow her, saying, he would return himself, as soon as he had seen what more could be done at the cottage.

When the fire was quite out, and he could be of no further use, he went back to Mr. Fantom's. The instant he opened the parlour door, he eagerly called out, "Where is the poor woman, Mr. Fantom?" "Not in my house, I assure you," answered the philosopher. "Give me leave to tell you; it was a very romantic thing to send her and her child to me. You should have provided for them at once."—"I thought I had done so," replied Trueman, "by sending them to the nearest and best house in the parish; as the poor creature seemed to stand in need of immediate assistance." "So immediate," said Fantom, "that I would not let her enter my doors, for fear of what might happen. So I packed her off, with her child in her arms, to the work-house, with orders to the overseers not to let her want."

"And what right have you," said Mr. Trueman, in a high tone, "to expect that

the overseers will be more humane than yourself? But is it possible that you can have sent that helpless creature, not only to walk, but to carry a naked infant, at such a time of night, to a place so distant, herself so unprovided, and in such a condition? I hope, at least, you have furnished them with clothes: for all their own little stores are burnt.” “Not I indeed,” said Fantom, “what is the use of parish officers, but to look after these *petty* things?”

It was Mr. Trueman’s way, when he began to feel very angry, not to allow himself to speak: because, he used to say, “if I give vent to my feelings, I am sure, by some hasty word, to cut myself out work for repentance.” So, without making any answer, or even changing his clothes, which were very wet and dirty from having worked so long at the fire, he set out again, having first inquired what road the woman had taken. At the door he met Mrs. Fantom, who had just returned from her visit. He told her his tale, and she kindly resolved to accompany him in search of Jenkins’s wife. She had had a wide common to walk over, before she could either reach the workhouse or the nearest cottage. She had crawled along with her infant as long as she was able, but having met with no refreshment at Mr. Fantom’s, and her strength quite failing her, she had sunk down in the middle of the common. Happily Mr. True-

man and Mrs. Fantom came up just at this time. The former had had the precaution to bring a cordial, and the latter had gone back and stuffed her pockets with old baby linen. Mr. Trueman soon procured the assistance of a labourer, who happened to pass by, to help him to carry the mother, and Mrs. Fantom carried the shivering babe.

As soon as they were safely lodged, Mr. Trueman set off in search of poor Jenkins, who was distressed to know what was become of his wife and child; for, having heard that they were seen at Mr. Fantom's door, he despaired of any assistance from that quarter. Mr. Trueman felt no small pleasure in uniting this poor man to his little family. There was something very moving in this meeting, and in the pious gratitude they expressed at their deliverance. They seemed to forget that they had lost their all, in the joy they felt that they had not lost each other. And some disdainful great ones might have smiled, to see so much rapture expressed at the safety of a child, born to no inheritance but poverty. These are among the feelings with which Providence often overpays the want of wealth. The good people poured out their prayers and praises to God, and their blessings on their deliverer, who, not being a philosopher, was no more ashamed of praying with them, than he had been of working for them. Mr. Trueman, while assisting at the fire, had heard that

Jenkins and his wife were not only honest, but very pious people; so he told them, that he would not only pay for their new lodging, but would raise a little subscription for them among his friends at the Cat and Bagpipes, towards rebuilding their cottage; and further engaged, that if they would promise to bring up their child in the fear of God, he would stand godfather.

This exercise of Christian charity had given such a cheerful flow to Mr. Trueman's spirits, that, long before he got home, he had lost every trace of ill-humour. "Well, Mr. Fantom," said he gaily, as he opened the door, "now do tell me how you could possibly refuse going to assist me in putting out the fire at poor Jenkins's?" "Because," said Fantom, "I was engaged in a far nobler project, than putting out a fire in a little thatched cottage. Sir, I was contriving to put out a fire too, a conflagration of a far more dreadful kind, in the extinction of which, universal man is concerned. I was planning a scheme to extinguish the fires of the inquisition, which our government has had a hand in re-kindling. This, Sir, is one of the thousand execrable causes of the increase of our taxes, our poverty, and our oppression."

"Strange news, indeed!" said Trueman. "I confess, that of all the diabolical engines which Satan ever invented to dishonour religion and plague mankind, that inquisition

was the very worst. I rejoiced in its abolition ; I mourn at its restoration. But you *must* know, that our government had about as much to do in it, as they had in building the Tower of Babel, or in the earthquake which was sent to destroy Lisbon, probably as a scourge for this wicked institution. So you see that a bucket of real water, carried to the real fire at the cottage, would have done more actual good than all your wild plans and theories ; and, let me tell you, Sir, dreadful as that evil was, God can send his judgments on other evils besides superstition, so it behoves us to take heed of the other extreme, or we may have *our* earthquakes too. The hand of God is not shortened, Sir, that it cannot destroy, any more than that it cannot save. In the mean time, I must repeat it ; you and I are rather called to save a neighbour from perishing in the flames of his own house, than to aim at correcting foreign evils, which, indeed, would hardly receive any check from such obscure hands as your's and mine."

" Sir," said Fantom, " Jenkins is an insolent fellow, and I owed him a grudge, because he said, he would rather lose the employ of the best master in England, than work in my garden on a Sunday ; and when I gave him the new ' Political Litany ' to read, instead of going to church, he refused to work for me at all, with some impertinent hint about God and Mammon."

“ Oh! did he so?” said Trueman, “ now I will stand godfather to his child, and make him a handsome present into the bargain. Indeed, Mr. Fantom, a man must be a philosopher with a vengeance, if, when he sees a house on fire, he stays to enquire if the owner has offended him. O, Mr. Fantom! I will forgive you all, if you will produce me out of all your philosophy, from ‘ Political Justice’ down to the ‘ Political Catechism,’ such a sentence as ‘ *love your enemy*—do good to them that hate you—if thine enemy hunger, feed him—if he thirst, give him drink?’ I will give up the blessed Gospel for the ‘ Age of Reason,’ if you will bring me one sentiment equivalent to this.”

Next morning, Mr. Trueman observed that the servant James made one or two attempts to speak with him alone, hinting that he was weary of the bondage in which he lived. They were, however, interrupted, and nothing more passed.

After dinner, Mr. Trueman, who felt somewhat indisposed from the fatigue of the preceding evening, desired a little weak brandy and water. “ *I’ll shew you brandy, Sir,*” said Fantom. Then turning to James, with a significant wink, said, “ Bring a bottle from the bin marked G.”—While James was gone for the brandy, Mr. Fantom, taking up a piece of bread, said—“ Oh! the size of this loaf!

What misery ! I would give my whole fortune, all I have in the world, to help the resources, to lighten the taxes, and to relieve the miseries of my groaning country ?”

James returned ; and in his haste to oblige the guest, unfortunately struck the full bottle against the side-board, and broke it to pieces. Mr. Fantom, though a philosopher, when in cool blood, could never conquer the violence of his passion when the smallest circumstance happened which affected his pocket, swore at him, and raved in such unmeasured language, that the man who knew he had him in his power, and had long threatened to expose him, equally lost the command of his own temper.—“ A mighty thing to make you act like a madman, Sir,” said he ; “ you know that your brandy costs you almost nothing, since you have taken to smuggle.”

The enraged patriot now sunk under the sense, not of his guilt, but his detection. Trueman took advantage of his confusion, and said, “ Sir, in a *common* man, smuggling is a heavy offence against the law of the land ; but in a patriot, it is high treason against his own principles : it is stabbing his profession in the very vitals. You are always telling your disciples, that it is out of the wages they receive on Saturday nights, that government is supported ; that it is out of their labour, that the taxes are paid. Now you *must* know,

that while you, by smuggling, are stealing money out of the treasury, others are obliged to pay the more into it. Every man, therefore, who deals in contraband goods, as much robs his country as if he dipt his hand into a bag of guineas in the treasury-chamber. I recommend to you, Mr. Fantom, to see this subject more fully discussed in the history of 'The two Wealthy Farmers*.'

Mr. Fantom now began to stammer out something of a vindication, on the beaten but hollow ground of its *being but a little, and that he was only one*. Here James, who wanted an opportunity to expose him, and to break with him, said, "Take care, Sir, don't go to make the gentleman believe that you only smuggle a little brandy for your own drinking; you know, and the world shall know, that ever since you retired from your shop, you have chiefly subsisted by smuggling, that you settled near the coast for that purpose, and took me into your service, because I had been lucky in the business. You know too, that when I was twice taken up, and brought to justice, I refused to betray you, so you left me to get out of the scrape as I could. For my small share of the profit, I endured all the cold and the wet, and the danger and the expence, and you never gave a shilling to my sick wife,

* See Cheap Repository.

though nothing but her distress could have induced me to continue this traffic, and nothing would have brought me to continue in your house, but the hope of getting the fifty pounds you owe me."

The orator was chop-fallen : the patriot was dumb : the philosopher was confounded. It was, perhaps, the first time in Mr. Trueman's life, that he ever enjoyed any man's defeat. Yet feeling that he was beginning to pity even Fantom, he closed the conversation and his visit, only saying, " It is something curious, that so many of the great impracticable schemes of public reform, should be undertaken by men remarkably deficient in all the duties of private life."

My readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Trueman, being obliged to do business in a town in that neighbourhood about a month after, brought down a small sum of money, which the gentlemen at the Cat and Bagpipes had cheerfully subscribed for poor Jenkins ; he did not forget to bring as a present from his wife, a quantity of clothing for this poor family. To all this he added a parcel of good books and tracts, which, indeed, always made a part of his charities, as he used to say, there was something deficient in that kindness which was anxious to relieve the bodies of men, but was negligent of their souls. He stood in person to the new-born child ; and observed

with much pleasure, that Jenkins and his thought a christening not a season for making, but a solemn act of religion, and dedicated their infant to his Maker and deemer, with becoming seriousness and cheerful gratitude.

THE
DEATH
OF
MR. FANTOM,
THE
GREAT REFORMIST,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, MARCH THE 20TH, 1817.

SOME of my readers may perhaps remember, that at the close of the "Second Part of Mr. Fantom, or the Private Virtues of Public Reformists," the worthy Mr. Trueman quitted him suddenly in high disgust. After having exhausted every argument, used every persuasion, and pressed every motive both rational and religious, in order to convince the understanding, touch the heart, and alarm the conscience of this misguided man, he left his house, with a fixed determination to drop his acquaintance. But though he resolved to discontinue all intercourse with him, as unavailable to Fantom and disreputable to himself, he often reflected on his state with deep concern. He never ceased to pray, that it might still please God to open his eyes, and to change his heart. Prayer, said he to his wife, fervent prayer is never altogether thrown

away; even if it produces no effect on him for whom the petition is offered, it is never wholly useless to him who offers it. It subdues enmity, cools resentment, and inspires compassion for the object of our prayer. Who can rise from his knees, after imploring pardon for his own sins, without feeling an overflowing pity for others whom sin has blinded?

In this tender disposition of mind, with a heart full of hatred of sin and pity for the sinner, Mr. Trueman was surprised, about six months after his last visit to Mr. Fantom, to receive the following letter from the excellent wife of that unhappy man:—

Dear Sir,

I write to you in the anguish of my spirit, to inform you that Mr. Fantom is dangerously ill. He is reduced to the most deplorable state both of body and mind; the torments of the one, evidently increasing the sufferings of the other. But, whether he is more or less agitated, the ruling desire of his soul is to see Mr. Trueman. O, Sir, it would be an act of the truest Christian charity, if you could forget the past, and come to see, and console your afflicted friend. Your counsels, I trust, may not be always in vain. He has not, he never had any one Christian friend but yourself. To you alone in this world can he look for pity or assistance. Several of his new friends have been to visit him, but the

very sight of them aggravates his sufferings. Dear Sir, I have often longed for the comfort of a little private conversation with you when you were here; but the fear of offending my husband restrained me, yet I should not have touched on any subject which could injure him. I only wanted the encouragement of Christian counsel, to support me in my duty. O, Sir, do not refuse my earnest request, &c.

MARY FANTOM.

Mr. Trueman had always respected Mrs. Fantom for her prudence, humility, and benevolence. These indications led him to give her credit for more piety than she dared disclose in her husband's presence. Whenever he began to debate, she always appeared more than usually unhappy, well knowing he would be sure to take the wrong side; on these occasions she never failed to quit the room, when she could do it without incurring his displeasure.

Trueman required no second summons. Whenever there was a prospect of doing good, that is, a sober, rational, practicable prospect, such as was within the reach of his humble station, talents and means, he neither refused nor delayed his assistance. Having spent the evening in making such prudent arrangements as that his business might not suffer by his absence, he set out next morning, not forgetting to put into his portmanteau a frock for

his little godchild, Jenkins's daughter. "The liberal soul deviseth liberal things," was a favourite text of his; so he generally contrived to add some little collateral kindness to any benevolent object he was pursuing.

On his arrival, he found Mr. Fantom even worse than he expected. A paralytic stroke during the preceding night, had nearly deprived him of the use of one side; but though he lay in a deplorable state, Trueman was glad to find that his intellects were not impaired. As soon as this kind guest entered the room, he exclaimed—"O, Trueman, how good you are! I would not have gone to you under the same circumstances. I always shunned every scene of misery. But you act on other principles. Sin has not hardened your heart as it has mine. You see me a miserable wretch. No wonder I should be deserted of God, when he has been so long deserted by me."

Mr. Trueman desired him to be composed. "Composed!" said he, "have I any right to expect composure? What right have I to expect peace, I who would have overturned the peace of society? I who would have rooted up the very foundations of religion and government? *No tyranny* was our motto. And what does that imply? No king on earth, no God in heaven." Here he fell into such an agony, that Mr. Trueman was obliged to insist on his keeping himself quiet. A

medicine was administered, which soon relieved him.

Finding himself better in the afternoon, he desired to see Mr. Trueman. After much conversation of nearly the same purport as the last, by the soothing and arguments of his guest, he grew calmer. He adverted to his early life, and, though with no little pain, spoke as follows:—"I was bred up soberly, and what some would call religiously. That is, I was sent to church once on a Sunday, but was left to follow my own devices, and seek my own company the rest of the day. Things, however, went on pretty well, till I became an apprentice to Mr. ———, on Snow Hill. This man was a professor of religion, but I soon discovered that his profession and his practice were at utter variance. He kept up a tolerable character; indeed there was nothing very censurable in his outward conduct, but all was false and hollow, and to those who saw the interior of things, he could not but be laid open. He was so plausible, that he could set off both his character and commodities to the best advantage. I was at first astonished to hear him strongly assert the goodness of articles in his shop, which he knew to be positively bad. He was covetous, and made little scruple to employ any arts which might improve his fortune, without laying open his character. Having an opinion of my discretion, he employed me in many illegal prac-

tices. This contradiction between principle and practice laid the foundation of all the corruptions of my own character; for the effect produced on my mind, was not so much that my master was a bad man, and made use of a shew of religion to cover his vices, as that religion itself was an imposture, that it was a cloak and not a principle. I concluded that every religious man was as hollow as my master, that there was no real difference between those who professed it, and those who professed it not, except that the former added hypocrisy to their other vices. O fatal deadly error! It has been the ruin of my soul." Here he stopt through grief and weakness.

Trueman. If there is one sin of a darker complexion than another, it is when a man putting on the mask of religion to answer some worldly purpose, proves that his heart is as far from God, as his conduct is from common honesty. He brings more reproach upon Christianity than many who are openly immoral. This character, however, is far from being common. And there is so little credit obtained for it among worldly men, that very few would risk the adopting it, where hypocrisy is not likely to be a thriving game. The mischief is—that the profane are glad to lay hold on an accidental discovery of hollowness in a high professor, to apply the reproach to every truly pious character, till real Christianity is brought into disgrace.

Mr. Fantom resumed—"Just about this time Thomas Paine published his two well-known works, the one intended to overturn all governments, the other to abolish all religion. I was just in that state of mind ready to be acted upon by such books. Their bold novelty, their audacious assertions, their presumptuous falsehoods, just suited my own turn of mind. Rash, ambitious, vain, ill instructed, full of contempt for religion of which I knew nothing; eager to distinguish myself, which I found I could not do in the old beaten path; impatient to dash into some new career, yet so covetous as to desire to add the profits even of an unlawful trade to the renown I expected from turning Philosopher and Reformist; the sight of my shop mortifying my pride, while its gains gratified my avarice—all these things determined me in my new pursuit. The road to glory now seemed to lie open before me. As I was sober, and not openly immoral, I maintained for a time that degree of character which may be preserved without a single good principle. I became an infidel from the same cause from which I became a jacobin, that is, a hatred of every thing greater than myself, whether in heaven or earth, in church or state, in rank or fortune. Pure jacobinism would never have maintained its ground in this country, had it not been accompanied, and even introduced by impiety. In the party I joined, superstition, bigotry, and priestcraft

were the watch-words for destroying Christianity, as oppression, injustice, and tyranny were, for overturning government."

Trueman. Do you think that this wicked fraternity will always hold together, as they have bound themselves by oath to do?

Fantom. How can oaths be binding, when those who take them swear by a Being in whom they profess not to believe? The oath will be a rope of sand, when the object it was meant to promote shall be defeated, and the poor creatures whom we have deluded find that the shower of gold we promised is not ready to fall on them. Our leaders knew mankind too well not to know that our surest road to success was to begin by extinguishing all sense of religion; to make them believe that Christianity was a tale, the Saviour an impostor, and the church an engine of superstition and spiritual tyranny.

During this speech Mr. Trueman, who had frequently interrupted him, seeing he was overpowered, not more by disease, than by his own feelings and reflections, desired he would not exhaust himself at present by talking any longer.

Soon after, a little recovering his voice, he added, "from a writer in the cause, I at length became a speaker. This was the crown of my mad ambition. To read in the papers an account of such and such a meeting—
'Mr. Fantom spoke next,' to see my speeche

in print with the bewitching interruptions of 'hear, hear'—the enchanting sound of 'loud applause'—'repeated acclamations'—which, by the way, I often paid the printer for inserting when it was not true—all this quite transported me. I never reflected on what ought to have humbled me, that these applauses, even when they *were* uttered, were those of silly boys, and of men, who though too ignorant to read my speeches when printed, were taught, like parrots, to pronounce certain words of which they did not know the purport. Annual parliaments, universal suffrage, elective franchise, were to them terms without a meaning. They only inferred, from *their* being directed to echo them, that they promised plenty without working; vice without restraint; liberty without a superior; plunder without a prison to punish it; and a jovial course of sin on earth without any dread of a hell hereafter. Oh! what a vain egregious villain have I been, and what egregious dupes have I helped to make!"

Here Trueman interrupted him, and said, "I see how much these painful confessions distress you. This strain of conversation is too much for your weak frame; but allow me to say, I feel a dawn of comfort in your repentance." "Comfort," interrupted he, "don't talk of comfort! Repentance! how do I know that I do repent? How do I know that my sorrow is not forced from me by my

sufferings, and not by my sins? How do I know that restored health and strength might not make me relapse into all the guilt which I seem to have repented of and forsaken? What forsaking is it when I am not able to pursue it? when a tortured mind may be owing only to a tortured body, and not to real remorse? But no, I think, I believe, I am sure, that nothing should ever tempt me to return to those principles and habits which have undone my soul."

Trueman. Sir, this is a salutary fear.

Fantom. O Trueman, I have one fear which swallows up all other thoughts—the fear of death. Other fears occur at times, and the thing we fear may not happen, but the fear of death is the torment of every hour; what must necessarily happen at some time may happen the next hour. All my comforts have been in this life; and what misery is that man's lot who every moment fears to lose all he has enjoyed here with no hope for hereafter. Here his kind friend left him with an earnest recommendation that he should try to get some rest, but his reflections were too painful to admit of sleep.

Trueman having observed the assiduous attentions of Mrs. Fantom about her sick husband, was shocked to see him constantly turn away from her with looks of extreme distress whenever she approached him. He could not forbear telling him how thankful he

ought to be for the comfort of so kind and excellent a wife. "Comfort!" exclaimed he, with excessive agitation; "the very sight of her is an addition to my misery: I cannot bear it." The poor woman wept plentifully as she quitted the room, and Trueman was shocked as well at her distress as at the cruel expressions of her husband. "Don't mistake me," said Fantom; "it is her patience, her forbearing spirit, her unwearied goodness, that plant daggers in my heart. You can't be ignorant of my meaning; so often as you have been here, she must, no doubt, have opened her heart to you, she *must* have told you what a monster I have been to her." "Never," said Trueman, "I did not know but you had been on the best terms, though it is visible enough that your minds are ill suited to each other." "This generosity," replied the sick man, "wounds me more than the most bitter complaints she could have made. What has she not borne from me! and how have I rewarded her! I have not only been an unkind, but an unfaithful husband, and she has known it. Yes, Trueman, I will seek some relief to my soul by the confession. If there is a God, O how dreadful to think that he who has been the witness of my guilt will be my Judge! Yes, I will tell you---reputation is now nothing in my eyes, and sin is every thing. There *is* a woman---she was virtuous when I seduced her from her husband who is

since dead. My love of money has been so inordinate, that I have left the poor woman and her child destitute of the comforts which she enjoyed while she lived in peace and credit with her husband. My excellent wife, who has had an allowance from her father on his finding she had little from me, has more than once conveyed her money when she was sick ; and I have seen on the child gowns which I knew to have been my wife's, and which she had made up with her own hands for this poor girl. I have not seen the unhappy woman these six months, and how she has subsisted I have never enquired. O my stony heart !”

Here his agitation became so great that he was near fainting. Mr. Trueman found the case so every way bad, that he was at a loss what to say. He did, however endeavour, as well as he was able, to calm the terrors of the sick man, without attempting to diminish his guilt. “ O, Sir,” cried the wretched sufferer, “ have patience with me, though I deserve nothing but your abhorrence. Do a last office of kindness. A Christian I am told can do things impossible to other men. Do pay a charitable visit to this unhappy creature. She is well behaved, and will not shock you by any outward appearance of depravity. For Heaven's sake, warn her of that wrath to come of which I already feel a foretaste. Snatch the wretched child from being here—after a partaker of her mother's infamy.”

Trueman always admired, and to the utmost of his power, imitated, the example of Job in that beautiful part of his character, "the cause which he knew not, he searched out." He promised to see her that very day. He was as good as his word, after having got a direction where to find her. The woman seemed far gone in a decline. Every thing about her bore the marks of penury. When Mr. Trueman opened the nature of his visit, she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and said, "O, Sir, I have long been weary of a life of sin. That good Mrs. Fantom, whom I have so cruelly injured, has often, when her husband was from home, called on me in this solitude. She has brought cloaths for my child, and given me what money she could spare out of her own slender purse. This I told Mr. Fantom, who then only laughed at her credulity. But the motive of her visits was of a higher kind than merely to relieve my worldly wants. She gave me that Bible and Prayer-book, with another little volume, entitled, "Alleyne's Alarm to the Unconverted." At first I ridiculed all this in secret, but concealed my contempt of her spiritual counsels, lest it should lead her to withhold her relief to my temporal wants. She earnestly advised me to pray for forgiveness to God, through Jesus Christ, at the same time telling me my prayers would avail nothing while I continued my present course of life; she often repeated, 'If I regard

iniquity in my heart; the Lord will not hear me.' She never used harsh language to me, except as truth itself (which she would never soften) is harsh to sinful ears. Little cause as she had to spare her husband; she never allowed herself to revile him. From her Christian conduct under severe trials, from the good books she gave me, and from a habit of fervent prayer for pardon for the past, and grace for the time to come, it has pleased God to open my eyes both to the infamy of my way of life, and to the truth and beauty of the religion of the Gospel. I never more intend to see Mr. Fantom, and was just about to remove to some distant place, when the report of his illness reached me. Will you, good Sir, assist me in removing from hence. The meanest condition, the most laborious life, I shall joyfully embrace, so I may devote the remainder of my days to penitence; my only worldly wish is to preserve my child from want, lest she should be driven to follow my wretched example. Mr. Trueman told her she need not fear any disturbance from Mr. Fantom. A paralytic stroke would soon put an end to his mortal existence. "Dying," cried the poor woman, "what will become of his immortal soul? O, I would pray for him day and night, if I could hope the prayers of such a wretch, the associate in his guilt, could be heard. Yet the last time Mrs. Fantom was here, I remember how my heart was cheered at a pas-

sage she read---'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Oh, Sir, I only desire to live and die at the foot of the cross."

Mr. Trueman was pleased to observe the state of her mind, and took his leave, assuring her that he would not forsake her, but would endeavour to provide her a situation suited to her case. At parting, he slipped a crown into her hand.

He had plentiful matter for meditation in his ride back. His pity for this unfortunate woman, his compassion for the terrible state of the dying man, his regret at the small comfort he was able to offer him without compromising the truth, and misleading him to build his hope on a false foundation, all this filled his mind with mournful thoughts. He was humbled to think how little comparative good, not only himself, but the best individual could do, and what incalculable evil may be effected by one bad one. "Have not half a dozen men, at this very time," said he, "caused more terror and disturbance to the country, and unsettled the faith of more souls, in a few months, than all the good ones in it will be able to allay in a long time?"

On his return, he could not help looking on Mrs. Fantom with additional respect, when he found her supporting the ghastly form of her husband, who had just recovered from a violent

fit. The lady retired on his entrance. Trueman thought it might afford him some little comfort, to be informed of the piety and deep repentance of the poor woman. "O blessed news!" answered he, in a voice scarcely articulate. "This is the first ray of something not quite like despair, that I have yet felt." Trueman then acquainted him with the effect his excellent wife's Christian counsel and conduct had produced on this unhappy woman. "I do, I do," replied he, "feel one moment's mitigation of my torture; but no---my pangs are aggravated in recollecting my treatment of such a wife! O how I laboured, but in vain, to destroy her principles! O that I had not exchanged the solid blessings of domestic life, for a scheme of wild vanity and eccentric ambition! What had I to do with plans of reform as foolish as they were wicked, as impracticable as they were mischievous? How many thoughtless, but not ill-intentioned young men, have I led from the sober duties of life, to run after a vision, a shadow, a dream! Even if I could repent, my repentance would be fruitless as to them. What restitution can I make them for loss of time, of character, of principle, perhaps of life? How can I restore by my remorse, seditious subjects to their king, rebels to submission to the laws, atheists to the blessings of religion, or apostates to the favour of God? My mischiefs are widely diffused, and I know not where to find the ob-

jects of them. I can only bequeath my dying advice to those whom I have deluded ; tell them of my deep remorse. As my life has been their snare, propose my death as their warning. Pray publish my solemn recantation."

Then, after a long pause, he added—Poor Jenkins, the gardener, is, indeed, within reach. I wonder if he can forgive my cruelty at the fire. Oh that fire ! O my hard heart ! That fire was not accidental * ; his house was burnt down by some of our crew, because he refused to join in plundering the clergyman's barn. William, my first servant, I brought to the gallows. James, my smuggling agent, will probably come to the same end. And yet you would have me pray. To pray without hope, oh ! how fruitless !"

Here the nurse came in to say that a strange gentleman, who called himself Saunders, was below, and said he had particular business with Mr. Fantom. " O the worst of business !" cried he. " He is the most hardened of our hardened set. Some of them have called before, but I had now rather meet death than one of my fellow sinners. Atheism and sedition have made them lose the natural feelings of humanity. If I recover, they say I shall recover my contempt for priestcraft and slavery ; if I die, I am sure of an eternal sleep.

* See Part Second of the History of Mr. Fantom.

O, Trueman, 'they are forgers of lies, they are physicians of no value,' as my wife read yesterday in her book. O! I should be glad to compound for that eternal sleep. Dreadful as annihilation is, it is less dreadful than the undying worm, less dreadful than the unextinguishable fire, better than everlasting burnings. What must that state be, if it is worse than what I now endure. An accusing conscience, an incensed God! Think of the poor credulous fellows that have swallowed my pestilent doctrines. Trueman, I now feel the full force of your remark, that *a bad principle may continue to corrupt, when a bad action is forgotten*. I now hope my writings have not ability to do lasting mischiefs; but I *intended* all possible mischief, and if, as I have heard, hell is paved with good intentions not put in practice, what will it be with evil ones realized?"

Here Mr. Trueman reminded him that Mr. Saunders was waiting below. "Go down to him, dear Trueman," replied he, "but tell him I will never see him." The stranger, who naturally judged of Trueman's principles by the house in which he found him, approached him with the most disgusting freedom and levity. To check this, he began to describe the state of the sick man with all that minuteness of detail into which a feeling friend is so apt to enter, and of which the selfish and the worldly are so impatient. "Sir," said he,

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"your friend's case is desperate; I do not think he can live three days." "Poor Fantom!" replied he, "sorry for him, sorry for him; but, Sir, such a loss is easily repaired.

I trust we have within our band;
Five hundred good as he.

But the worse he is, the more occasion is there for pressing my business. I have called upon him for his arrears." "Sir," said Trueman, "I dare say he is ready to pay all his lawful debts."—"Lawful?" rejoined Saunders, "they are of a higher strain than lawful,—they are honourable. Sir, I heard from the servant that you are an old friend of his, so no reserve is necessary."

Trueman. Sir, I am an acquaintance of many years standing.

Saunders. Then, I doubt not, you know his engagements.

Trueman. He has just made me a full and confidential recital of all.

Saunders. Then I need not scruple to deliver you this little bill (presenting a paper), which includes our present demand:

Mr. Fantom,	Debtor to ———	£.	s.	d.
Travelling expences of Delegates	8	0	0
Cockades	2	10	0
Paying for signatures for unwilling, but distressed persons	14	6	0

Carried over....£24 16 0

	Brought over.....	£24	16	0
Flags		4	12	0
Two hundred children for signing petitions, 1d. each	}	0	16	8
Supplying Hawkers with Tracts against reli- gion and government				
Supplying ditto with a few godly Tracts to put at the top of their baskets, to conceal the others	}	1	4	0
Hiring blankets to travel to London.....				
Pikes not yet paid for.....		3	0	0
		<hr/>		
		Total	£40	8 8
		<hr/>		

Trueman, after perusing the items of the bill, calmly said, "Sir, I did not mean to take you in. I never employ deceit even in a good cause. When I told you that Mr. Fantom had opened his whole heart to me, I was going to add, that in this avowal he had expressed the deepest remorse at his engagements with your party; I was going to tell you; that he utterly renounces all his pernicious notions, but your impatience to get your money would not allow me to speak. The discovery you have made, has added little to my knowledge of your proceedings.

Saunders, in a great rage, cried out—"O what Fantom has *'peached*, has he? The greatest rogue always turns king's evidence." Fearful, however, of provoking Trueman to deliver him up to justice, he affected to laugh it off, as a good joke, saying it was the only way to get money from that covetous fellow.

He went on : " Fantom did us some good to be sure. We have friends of all sorts, Sir ; some help the good cause with their wit ; those, who like Fantom, have a plentiful lack of that article, assist us with a little cash. This was the case with this apostate ; indeed he did something by his interest with journeymen, and he did pretty well with his tongue ; a good off-hand man enough, but a poor pen-and-ink man, so that our party will gain little good, and your's little injury by his writings. His Tracts are so stupid, that he may spare his lamentations as to their effect. He puts me in mind of a French author of our school, who had written volumes in the cause ; on his death-bed he was weeping and wailing to a friend, what mischief his works would continue to do after he was dead. Make yourself quite easy on that score, said his friend, for they are so stupid, that nobody will read them."

Trueman. But, Sir, do you feel no compassion for a dying friend ? or is cruelty, indeed, as poor Fantom assured me, the chief ingredient in the character of your party ?

Saunders. It would be absurd in me, to affect feeling for a worthless individual, when I have the cause of a whole kingdom at my hearts, and in a good measure, indeed, on my hands.

Trueman. I cannot help observing, that the compassion of your party is always excited

in the wrong place, and on the wrong objects. There is Buonaparte now, I frequently hear his situation in a healthy pleasant island, with his chosen friends about him, with the accommodations and luxuries of a king, spoken of with all the cant of false feeling, while every reproach is lavished on the wise measure which placed him there. But never do I hear from any of you a syllable of sorrow, for all the thousands, I may say millions, both in his own country and out of it, who fell through his bloody ambition.

Saunders. Sir, he is a great man, a patriot, and a hero, and the kings and governments who confine him, are no better than common jailors.

Trueman. Again, we hear more of the damps of Cold Bath-Fields, where some of your friends have found a suitable lodging, and which by the way is perfectly dry, than of all the glorious sufferers in the field of Waterloo. To descend to a still more trumpety compassion: a dirty boy, who was properly chastised for his officious impudence in pulling down a loyal placard, is whined over with all the slang of pity; and a ridiculous affectation of justice and mercy, while I see no compunction for the miseries you were preparing for your entire country, if a merciful God, and a vigilant government had not spoil *your* pleasure, and snatched *us* from ruin. I am sick of the nauseous puling pity for con-

temptible objects. I have my feelings, Sir. I feel for the peace, the safety, the principles of this great empire. I feel for those deluded creatures, whose souls you have ruined by your impiety, and whose necks you have endangered by your meetings and your plunder. I pity the unhappy man above stairs, who laments that he was ever drawn into your snares.

Saunders. He is a cowardly, sneaking, contemptible fellow. Bellingham and Cashman for me. They died like men, like heroes.

Trueman. Sir, they died like demons; hard, impenitent, hopeless, graceless. By their hardness, they seemed to be studiously preparing themselves for the society of lost spirits.

Saunders. You appear to me to be as dead to the cause of freedom, as you are ignorant of politics.

Trueman. I remember to have read in some book, a magazine, I suppose, for my reading does not go far, of a great scholar of the last age, Locke, I think, was the gentleman's name, who used to say, that every man should be well acquainted with two things—religion, and his own business. Now, if I remember right, though this gentleman was both a philosopher and a politician, and a very great friend to liberty, yet he never said a word about every man's studying politics; I suppose by that he thought it a deep study, fit only for such wise men as himself. I myself have

heard sensible men say—that to understand politics, it is necessary to understand many other things, more than are to be picked up in a Saturday's Register. Now, as I am no proficient in history, geography, law, and foreign relations, I act upon Mr. Locke's advice. I follow my trade for the sake of my family, and my religion for the sake of my soul. My trade, I trust, with the blessing of God, will carry me in credit through this world, and my religion with safety to the next. But though my Bible and my ledger fill up most of my time, I spare a little to read a few other good books: these have given me such a disgust to bad ones, that I stick to the former from choice, as much as from principle.

"Well," said Saunders, "I see that fanatics can make long speeches as well as reformers."

Trueman. If by fanatics you mean, as is commonly the case, religious men, it is a great pleasure to me to have observed, that not one sound Christian of any denomination seems ever to have joined you.

Saunders. We don't desire their company: they are all cowards, and nothing but fear keeps them in order. But have you no feeling, no pity for the thousands that are perishing.

Trueman. We, Sir, not only pity, but relieve them. You create the distress, and then make it a ground of complaint. I see by your bill you collect money enough for every thing

but charity. You have money in plenty for mischief, but it is remarked that your names are never seen in any collections for the poor. It is cheaper to ridicule soup-shops than to subscribe to them. It is more popular to hire blankets for deluded travellers than to give them to those who are quiet in their cottages.

During this time, it was evident that Saunders was studious to avoid coming to close quarters about the bill. He kept his eyes constantly towards the door, dreading an arrest. The recent suspension of that act, which, while it was in force, made his party so fearless, now made his heart beat with apprehension. He had, however, the presence of mind to appear quite at ease; and thought to conceal his fear by assumed indifference.

Saunders. And so you are a decided enemy to liberty, and the rights of men!

Trueman. Sir, I am a true friend to true freedom. Let me give you one piece of advice: The only way to become really free is to turn Christian. Then you will be free indeed; free from the tyranny of ambition, of unruly tempers, and sinful passions. There is no tyranny equal to that of sin and Satan. Our Divine Deliverer from both these, came into this world to do for the souls of men what you vainly pretend to do for their bodies—
“He came to proclaim liberty to the captives, and to open the prison-doors for them that are bound.”

Saunders. (*Laughing.*) Of all places in the world I least expected to find a preacher in Fantom's house.

Trueman. Poor Fantom! and so you won't take one look at your old friend? To witness his abhorrence of his past sins, and his dread of eternal punishment, might be a salutary sight to the stoutest infidel. His ghastly appearance, the despair stamped on his distorted face, even though he should not speak, might leave a useful lesson on your heart.

Saunders. You invite me to a most engaging sight, to be sure: it is a pleasure I shall not accept. I am only sorry that he disgraces our noble cause by his cowardice: I don't care for the man, I am only sorry that he does not *die game*. But to have done with you, will you get Fantom to pay the bill?

Trueman. Whether it is a lawful bill shall be tried in a court of justice. If the Attorney General approves it, as I am to be his executor, I will see you paid.

Saunders. Then return me the bill, if you won't pay it.

Trueman. No, sir, it shall never be out of my hands till I place it in those of the law—
Exit Saunders in a violent rage. His horse was at the door, and he was out of sight in an instant. "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth."

Now lest some reader should question Trueman's prudence in letting him depart, I can

only say that they were in a lone house, and the only man-servant from home. Saunders was a stout young man, himself declining in years; he knew not what weapons he might have about him; so he thought it enough to have secured the bill as a sufficient testimony of his guilt.

When he went up to the sick man, he suppressed, out of tenderness to his weak state, the most offensive parts of their conversation. He said enough, however, to throw him into a dreadful paroxysm. He looked wildly, and said, "Tell me truly, dear Trueman, do you think there will be hereafter a worse hell than that I now feel? Don't deceive me."

Trueman. I should injure my own soul, and perhaps cut off all hope of your's, if I did. As sure as there is a heaven, so sure there is a hell. Many of those who read the Scriptures, have tried to soften down this awful truth, to diminish its horrors, to limit its duration, and even to do it entirely away. Thus sinful man affects to be more merciful than God himself. Let such persons only read the 9th chapter of St. Mark, and they will there see—that He who is not only true, but THE TRUTH, has pronounced this dreadful certainty, in words more full, more explicit, and more repeatedly, than even the prophets and apostles themselves.

Fantom. Then there is no hope for me. Nothing left but utter despair.

Trueman. Say not so. Despair would be the worst of all your sins. While I would not conceal from you the terrors of the law, nor the threatenings of the gospel, I dare not limit the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, to the truly believing penitent, because the gospel has set no such limits.

Here the sick man lifted up his eyes, and grasping Trueman's hand with the one of which he had still some use, cried out, "What! is there a shadow, a glimpse, a possibility? No, no, no. But will it be everlasting? No mitigation, no interval, no transient respite, no hope, no end?"

Here he sunk down; he appeared to be gone. But it was only a fit; on recovering from which he fell asleep. Next morning, when he appeared somewhat better, Mr. Trueman thus addressed him, "Allow me to recommend to you to do, without loss of time, what the Ephesian sorcerers did when they began to feel the guilt and danger of sin*. *They burnt their books*, their magical books, with which, like you, they had bewitched the people. Do this; for though it can only be the means of destroying a few copies, yet it will enable me to proclaim to your party, and to their deluded followers, what was your opinion of them and their doctrines, when an awakened conscience and an approaching death had

* See 19th chap. Acts of the Apostles.

taken away the scales from your eyes, and shew you things in their true light." Fantom eagerly caught at the proposal. Then turning to his wife, who obeyed him with more alacrity than her exhausted spirits seemed capable of admitting, he desired her to order the servant to bring three large trunks into his room. When they were brought in, he desired Mr. Trueman to take out the contents. The first he opened was nearly filled with *Paine's Age of Reason*, and the *Rights of Man*. "There," said Fantom, "there is the seed plot, there is the prime dunghill from which all our noxious weeds have sprung up in such abundance." "Yes," said Trueman, "but you seem even to have outgone your pattern," as he took out of the second box the *Sinecurist's Creed*, the *Parody on the Litany*, the ~~-----~~; but, though Mr. Trueman repeated to me all their titles, when I sat down to write this history, I will not pollute my pages even with their names. There was one large box entirely filled with his own writings. For a moment he looked as if he felt the natural fondness of a bad author for a bad book, but instantly correcting himself, he cried, burn this first. O what a mercy that I am spared to do it. Let it not appear against me in this world, but, O, I fear, it will rise against me in judgment.

"Now, Trueman," said he, in a faint voice, "let my servants, workmen, and neighbours be called together. Do you collect them in

the large court-yard under my window. Burn all these papers and books in their presence. Proclaim a solemn declaration of my penitence, and give an awful warning to those whom I have corrupted, to shun all pestilent tracts, all disorderly meetings, all wicked advisers, all artful seducers, who would draw them from the plain path of duty."

Mr. Trueman lost not a moment, he not only called in the neighbours, but had given notice to the whole adjoining village, to meet in Mr. Fantom's yard. *The call to a meeting* had a very alluring sound, and drew numbers together. Mr. Trueman made a speech of great solidity. I have never been able to obtain an exact copy, but the sense of it may be inferred from his known pious, upright, and loyal character.

As soon as he heard the people were assembled in the yard, Mr. Fantom desired to be taken out of his bed, and to be carried in his easy-chair to the window. The papers and books were raised to a large high pile, and Mr. Trueman himself, after delivering his speech (which produced the happiest effects,) took a torch, and with his own hand set fire to this combustible heap. It was an affecting sight; for the window was opened, to behold the dying man exhibiting his distorted frame to the people, lifting up his one whole hand, and waving it with an expression of anguish. At this moment, the fire still blazing with fury,

some one told him that two hundred men were just taken up for seditious practices. "O dreadful thought!" said Fantom, "that I have my full share in all that is past, and in all that may follow! My punishment is greater than I can bear." Then, making a strong effort, and pointing to his dead hand, as it fell motionless by his side, he exclaimed loud enough to be heard by those without, "O this sinful hand, (holding it up with the other,) O that I had never had the use of it. What guilt had I been spared, had I lost it before it had written so much blasphemy against my God, before it had signed so many petitions against my king, before it had ruined the principles, and perhaps the souls of many to come. O Cranmer, Cranmer*! thy hand, which in a moment of human weakness, did sign thy recantation, thou didst thrust into the flames, not as an expiation for sin, but as an act of penitence. *Thy* flames were soon extinguished, and thou didst ascend to everlasting glory. *My* fire will begin where thine ended; mine will burn to all eternity; O mercy, mercy!" Here his hand fell, his voice failed, his eyes closed, his breath stopped—he was gone for ever.——

* * * * *

* A real Reformer, who was burnt for adhering to the true religion.

I forbear to make any observations on this awful death. It carries its own comment with it. Mr. Trueman, to their great content, is left sole trustee to Mrs. Fantom and her daughter. His first care was to enquire after a safe retreat for the unfortunate woman whom Fantom had seduced. His interest with the Magdalen Institution in London, would doubtless have obtained a reception for her there, but she died of a broken heart before she could be removed. During her illness, Mrs. Fantom never lost sight of her. She sent her a constant supply of whatever was proper for her situation, and frequently visited her sick-bed, where she administered to her all the Christian consolation her case required. She died an humble penitent. Mr. Trueman hopes to secure for her poor child admittance into that excellent charity, the Orphan Asylum, at Bristol. In the mean time, Mrs. Fantom, who buried the mother at her own expence, maintains the child. Mr. Trueman had the pleasure of seeing Jenkins settled in his new cottage, prosperous, grateful, and pious, and of presenting him with half an acre of land, which Mrs. Fantom gave him as some compensation for the burning of his old cottage.

THE

VILLAGE DISPUTANTS;

Or, a Conversation on the Subject of the present Times, between Jack Anvil the Blacksmith, and Tom Hod the Mason: submitted to the Perusal and Consideration of all the Mechanics, Journeymen, and Labourers in Great Britain.

Jack. WHAT's the matter, Tom? why dost look so dismal? Work, to be sure, is not so plentiful as it was; but don't be cast down, man, that won't mend matters: what art thou reading there?

Tom. Some fine new papers and tracts: I find here, that, besides the scarcity of work, I am very unhappy and very miserable, which I should not have known without these precious little publications.

Jack. 'Tis a good sign, though, that a man can't find out that he is miserable without looking into a book for it; but what is the matter?

Tom. Matter enough—I want liberty.

Jack. Liberty! What, has any one fetched a warrant for thee? Come, man, cheer up; I will be bound for thee: thou art an honest fellow in the main, though thou dost tipple a little too much at the Rose and Crown.

Tom. No, no ; I want a new *constitution*.

Jack. Indeed ! Why, I thought thou hadst been a desperate healthy fellow : send for the doctor, then.

Tom. Pooh ! I am not sick—I want a fair *representation*.

Jack. What ! has any one misrepresented thee to Sir John ? I'll appear to thy character.

Tom. No, no ! I want liberty, and equality, and the rights of man.

Jack. O ! now I understand thee : thou art a leveller and a Jacobin, I suppose ?

Tom. I'm a friend to the people ; I want a reform.

Jack. Then the shortest way is to mend thyself.

Tom. But I want a general reform.

Jack. Then let every one mend one.

Tom. Nonsense ! I want freedom and happiness : I would try for it, at least, as they did in France.

Jack. What, Tom ! we imitate them ! we follow the French ! Why, they only began all their mischief at first in order to be just what *we* are already. Why, I'd sooner go to the *negers* to get learning, or to the Turks to get religion, than to the rebellious French to get freedom and happiness.

Tom. What do you mean by that ? were not the French free ?

Jack. Free, Tom ! ay, free with a witness !

They were all so free, that nobody was safe: they made free to rob whom they would, and kill whom they would. If they did not like a man's looks, they made free to hang him, without judge or jury, and the next lamp-post did for the gallows.

Tom. But, Jack, was not their government tyrannical, and their laws oppressive, before the revolution?

Jack. The government was bad enough, to be sure; for they could clap an innocent man into prison, and keep him there, too, as long as they would, and never say, With your leave or by your leave, gentlemen of the jury, and their religion was none of the best; but bad is better than none. But what's all that to us?

Tom. To us! why, don't our governors put many of our poor folks in prison against their will? What are all the jails for? Down with the jails, I say; all men should be free.

Jack. Harkee, Tom! A few rogues in prison keep the rest in order; and then honest men go about their business afraid of nobody; that's the way to be free: and let me tell thee, Tom, thou and I are tried by our peers as much as a lord is. Why, the *King* can't send me to prison if I do no harm; and if I do, there is reason good why I should go there. I may go to law even with Sir John, at the great castle yonder; and he no more dares lift his little finger against me, than if I were his

equal. A lord is hanged for hanging-matter, as thou or I should be; and, if it will be any comfort to thee, some of our neighbours remember a peer of the realm being hanged for killing his man, just the same as the man would have been for killing him*.

Tom. Well, that is some comfort. But have you read the Rights of Man, and the resolutions of various meetings as to the right of universal suffrage and annual parliaments?

Jack. No, not I; I had rather by half read *The Whole Duty of Man*. I have but little time for reading; and such as I should therefore only read a bit of the best.

Tom. Don't tell me of those old-fashioned notions; I'm for a constitution and a representation in our own way.

Jack. Do be quiet. Now, Tom, only suppose this nonsensical equality was to take place; why, it would not last while one could say Jack Robinson. Or, suppose it could—suppose, in the general division, our new rulers were to give us half an acre of ground apiece; we could, to be sure, raise potatoes on it for the use of our families; but, as every other man would be equally busy in raising potatoes for his family, why then, you see, if thou wast to break thy spade, I should not be able to mend it. Neighbour Snip would have no time to make us a suit of clothes, nor the

* This occurrence took place in the year 1760.

clothier to weave the cloth, for all the world would be gone a-digging. And, as to boots and shoes, the want of some one to make them for us would be a greater grievance than the tax on leather. If we should be sick, there would be no doctor's stuff for us, for the doctor would be digging too. We could not get a chimney swept, or a load of coal from pit, for love or money.

Tom. But still I should have no one over my head.

Jack. That's a mistake.—I'm stronger than thou; and Standish, the exciseman, is a better scholar; so we should not remain equal a minute: I should out-*fight* thee, and he'd out-*wit* thee: and if such a sturdy fellow as I am was to come and break down thy hedge for a little firing, or to take away the crop from thy ground, I'm not so sure that these new-fangled orators would see thee righted. I tell thee, Tom, we have a fine constitution already, and our forefathers thought so.

Tom. They were a pack of fools, and had never read these fine petitions, and beautiful speeches to the people.

Jack. I'll tell thee a story. When Sir John married, my Lady, who is a little fantastical, begged him to pull down his fine old castle, and build it up in her slight frippery way. "No," says Sir John: "what! shall I destroy this noble building, raised by the wisdom of my brave ancestors; which outstood the

civil wars, and only underwent a little needful repair at the Revolution, and which all my neighbours come to admire and to copy?—shall I pull it all down, I say, only because there may be a dark closet, or a little inconvenient passage or two in it?” My Lady mumped and grumbled, as you do; but the castle was not touched: it stands firm, and a glorious building it is, though there may be a trifling fault or two, and a few decays may want stopping. So, now and then, they mend a little thing, and they will go on, looking sharp after these petty flaws, and mending them. But no pull me down works; no house of cards, up to-day and down to-morrow. But what is it you are crying out for, Tom?

Tom. Why, for a perfect government.

Jack. You might as well cry for the moon. There’s nothing perfect in this world, take my word for it. Though it is a sign our neighbours think ours pretty near it. Why, ’tis the pattern by which most of them are cutting out their own.

Tom. Well, for all that, I don’t see why we are to work like slaves, while others are feeding on the fat of the land, and do nothing. Only think of the times and the taxes, Jack!

Jack. Employment in some branches, to be sure, is scarce: but can you prove to me that riot and rebellion will make it more plentiful? Taxes are high; but, I am told, there is a deal of old scores paying off. Besides, things will

mend, I hope ; and what little they can do, is done for us labouring people. Bread is somewhat cheaper ; and, I dare say, if the honest gentlemen are not disturbed by you and your meetings, that all will do well. But bear one thing in mind—the more we riot the more we shall have to pay. Mind another thing, too : the poor *had* some ground of complaint in France, for they used to pay all the taxes, as I have heard them say, and the quality paid little or nothing.

Tom. Well, I know what's what as well as another, and I am as fit to govern.

Jack. No, Tom, no ! You are, indeed, as good as another man, seeing you have hands to work, and a soul to be saved : but are all men fit for all things ? Solomon says, " How can he be wise whose talk is of oxen ? " Every man in his way. I am a better judge of a horse-shoe than Sir John ; but he has a deal better notions of state affairs than I have ; and I can no more do without him than he can do without me. And few are so poor, but, with industry and self-denial, they may hope to get a vote for a parliament man ; and so, you see, men of our class have as much share of the government as they well know how to manage.

Tom. But I say all men are equal. Why should one be above another ?

Jack. If that's thy talk, Tom, thou dost quarrel with God, and not with government. For he has made the woman below her hus-

band, and the child below his father, and the servant below his master, and the subject below the King.

Tom. The subject is *not* below the King: "All kings are crowned ruffians," and all governments are wicked. For my part, I will pay no more taxes to any of them.

Jack. Tom, Tom! if thou didst go oftener to church, thou wouldst know where it is said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;" "Fear God, and honour the King." *Your* books tell you that we should obey no government but that of the people—*my* book tells me, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for THE POWERS THAT BE, ARE ORDAINED OF GOD." Whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." Thou sayest thou wilt pay no taxes to any of them. Dost thou know who it was that worked a miracle, that he might have money to pay tribute with, rather than set you and me an example of disobedience to government? Mark, further, he worked a miracle to pay a tax, which he never once did to satisfy his own wants.

Tom. I say we shall never be happy till we do as the French did.

Jack. Yes; and a fine kettle of fish they made of it. After having disturbed the whole world, ay, and THINNED it too, Tom, mark the upshot. The last of the rogues who governed them could no more stand against Wel-

lington, than their constitution could stand a comparison with ours. He ran away indeed, but we snapped him up, and have got him as snug a prisoner in "a tight little Island" as if we had him in the Tower of London.

Tom. I should like, however, just to try as the French did.

Jack. The French and we contending for liberty, Tom, is just as if thou and I were to run a race, thou to set out from the starting-post, when I am *in* already. Why we've got it, man, we have no race to run. We are there already. We have nothing to run *for*. Our constitution is no more like what the French one was, than a platter of their soup maigre is like a pot of our best London porter.

Tom. I know we shall be undone, if we don't get a new representation, that's all.

Jack. And I know we shall be undone if we do. I don't know much about politics, but I can see by a little what a great deal means.

Tom. Well, still I should like to do as they did in France, as the saying is.

Jack. For once I will suppose the French were as much in the right, as I know them to have been in the wrong; what does that argue for us? Because Farmer Furrow the other day pulled down a crazy old barn, is that any reason why I must set fire to my tight cottage?

Tom. I don't see why one man is to ride in

his coach and six, while another mends the highway for him to pass.

Jack. I don't see why the man in the coach is to *drive over* the man on foot, or hurt a hair of his head.

Tom. I say we should all walk or all ride.

Jack. Now, as to our great folks, against whom you levellers have such a spite, I don't pretend to say they are a bit better than they should be; but that's no affair of mine. Let *them* look to that. They'll answer for that in another place. To be sure it's a shame they should be running over to France, but they begin to be ashamed of it themselves, and are packing home again. And so to be sure, I wish they would set us a better example in many things. But still *hoarding* is not the sin of the age: they don't *lock up their money*—away it goes, and every body is the better for it. To tell thee the truth, just now some of them are not much better off than ourselves; for if we don't get full work, 'tis because they don't get their full rent.

Tom. Well, 'tis a pleasure to hear that.

Jack. I will give thee farther pleasure, by owning that some of them have spent too much in feastings and fandangos; and if I was a parson I would go another way to work with them, but as I am a poor tradesman, why, 'tis but bringing more grist to my mill. It all comes among the people. Their coaches, and

their furniture, and their buildings, and their planting, still employ a power of tradesmen and labourers. Now, in this village, what should we do without the Castle? Though my lady is too rantipolish, and flies about all summer to hot water and cold water, and fresh water and salt water, when she might as well stay at home with Sir John; yet, when she *does* come home, she brings such a deal of gentry, that I have more horses than I can shoe, and my wife more linen than she can wash. Then all our grown children are servants in the family. Our little boys get something every day by weeding in their gardens, and the girls learn to sew and knit at Sir John's expense, who sends them all to school on Sundays.

Tom. Ay, but there are not Sir Johns in every village.

Jack. The more is the pity; but then most of them are not backward in assisting their poor neighbours. Besides, there's other help. 'Twas but last year that you broke your leg, and was nine weeks in the Bristol Infirmary, where you were taken as much care of as a lord, and your family was maintained by the parish rates. They had no poor's rates in France, Tom, while here is a matter of EIGHT MILLIONS A YEAR paid for them, if it was but a little better managed.

Tom. Eight millions!

Jack. Yes, indeed. No bad set-off, Tom,

against your millions of oppressed people, stuck up as the watch-word for mischief.

Tom. Eight millions! I can't get the better of it.

Jack. Ay, indeed, not translated into ten-pences, as your French millions were, but twenty good shillings to the pound. But if this levelling is brought to bear, there will be no poor's rates, no infirmaries, no hospitals, no charity schools, no Sunday schools, where so many hundred thousand poor souls are taught to read the word of God for nothing. For who is to pay for them? *Equality* can't afford it; and those who may be willing, won't be able.

Tom. But we shall be one as good as another, for all that.

Jack. Ay, and bad would be the best. We must work then as we do now, and with this difference, that no one will be able to pay us. Tom! I have got the use of my limbs, of my liberty, of the laws, and of my Bible: the two first I take to be my *natural* rights; the two last my *civil* and *religious* rights: these I take it are the *true Rights of Man*, and all the rest is nothing but nonsense, and madness, and wickedness. My cottage is my castle. I sit down in it at night in peace and thankfulness, and "no man maketh me afraid." Instead of indulging discontent, because another is richer in this world than myself (for envy is at the bottom of all your equality works), I read

my Bible, carry home my money to my wife, go to church, and think of a treasure in heaven.

Tom. What then, dost think all the men on our side are wicked?

Jack. Not so neither.—If most of the leaders are knaves, most of the followers are fools. Sir John, who is much wiser than I, says, the whole system is the operation of fraud upon folly.

Tom. What is thy notion of equality?

Jack. For every man to pull down every one that is above him, and then slip into his place.

Tom. And what dost thou take the new RIGHTS OF MAN to be?

Jack. Battle, murder, and sudden death.

Tom. But I am a Radical. Dost know what a Radical is?

Jack. A Radical is a root-and-branch man; one who scorns the pruning hook, and seizes the axe.

Tom. That's true. We Radicals hate the creeping spirit of our forefathers. They were satisfied to strip off a twig, or lop a bough. No lopping for us. We go to the root. Tear up the tree, and the branches will die of themselves. We are for making short work and sure.

Jack. But while you run about after these meetings, what becomes of your wives?

Tom. Our wives take care of themselves.

They have found out the RIGHTS OF WOMEN, and are teaching our brats the rights of children.

Jack. Which rights of women consist in running about to meetings, deserting their families, making ridiculous speeches, and hitching scraps of black crape on their empty noddles.

Tom. I can't gainsay the truth of that.

Jack. And what becomes of house and home.

Tom. Why I must own that since our Debby has turned speech-maker, the children are all in rags, and I can't get a clean shirt. What little money I *do* get, instead of buying bread, goes to buy flags, and maintain the orators. To be sure, since Deb has sacrificed herself for the good of her country, I dare not say my soul is my own, and a man don't like to be nobody in his own house. But yet I glory in it, as 'tis all for the public good.

Jack. Public good! Public madness! Public nuisance! These women are the dishonour of their husbands, the disgrace of their sex, the scandal of their country, the scorn of the wise, and the disdain of the virtuous. Oh! that ever the wives of Englishmen should imitate those horrible French *fish-women* with the hard name! I tell thee Tom, all this wickedness comes of your leaving off your Church and your Bible. Sir John says, sedition is but the *symptom*, infidelity is the *disease*.

Tom. I am told by our spokesman, that that beautiful book, *the Age of Reason*, will turn every thing topsy-turvy, and that Tom Paine will be too much for the Church and the parsons, and the Bible into the bargain.

Jack. Hold thy impious tongue, Tom: No, no; the Age of Reason cannot shake the Church which is founded on a rock, nor gainsay the Bible, which is the word of the everlasting God. But I will tell thee *what* it will do. It will ruin those who trust in it, soul and body; it will give you up to sin and wretchedness here, and to eternal misery hereafter.

Tom, alarmed. I should not like to lose my soul neither. I must own since I turned Radical I do not like to be in the dark, because I can't help thinking, whether I will or no, of the text our parson preached on the last time I was at Church.

Jack. What text was it.

Tom. "The wicked shall be cast into hell, and all the people that forget God." When I am at the meetings, I don't believe a word on't, but in the night I am sure 'tis true. So I left off going to Church, because I found I could not go there and continue to be a Radical.

Jack. Give me thy hand Tom, I have good hopes of thee. Thy conscience is not quite seared. If thou followest this rabble, they will make thee a vagabond on earth, and a cursed spirit in the next world. Thousands of honest,

but ignorant poor fellows, have been drawn in by designing and ungodly men. If there were no infidels, there would be no radicals. They hate the Bible first, and then the laws, and so "blaspheme God and the king."

Tom. And art thou sure that our meetings for the good of OUR FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN, AND FELLOW CITIZENS, the words which call us together, like the sheep's bell, will lead to all these miseries?

Jack. As sure as eggs are eggs.

Tom. I begin to think we are better off as we are.

Jack. I am sure of it.

Tom. I think I had as good look before I leap.

Jack. Many of the rich and great are contriving day and night to render our condition more comfortable. Above all, they have invented an encouragement to honest industry, that was never thought on before in any age or nation, the SAVINGS BANKS, as they call them; where a poor man may put in every little dab of money he can spare. The kind gentlemen take the trouble of receiving by dribblets, as fast as we take it, if it is but a shilling; and they give us the best security, and pay us interest. Tom, Tom! if thou hadst put the money into the savings bank, which thou hast spent at the Rose and Crown, drinking success to the worst of causes, thou wouldst now have been a man of property. But thou

wouldst never provide for a rainy day, and this it is which makes so many Radicals.

Tom. I begin to think I am not so very unhappy, as I had got to fancy.

Jack. I don't care for drink myself, but thou dost, and I will argue with thee in thy own way. When there's all *equality* there will be no *superfluity*; when there are no wages, there will be no drink, and levelling will rob thee of thy ale more than ever the malt-tax did.

Tom. But Tim Standish says, if we had a good government, there would be no want of any thing.

Jack. Tim is like many others, who take the King's money and betray him. Though I am no scholar, I know that a good government is a good thing; but don't go to make me believe, that any government can make a bad man good, or a discontented man happy, or an infidel a believer.

Tom. But Tim promises all who join the party, that we shall have a large loaf, and a good coat, and as much beef and mutton as we can eat.

Jack. And so you think to get a better coat by breaking the frames, and to make beef and mutton cheap by plundering the butcher, who will be obliged to raise the price, to make up for your depredations.

Tom. And thou art very sure that we are not ruined?

Jack. I'll tell thee how we are ruined. We

have a government so just, that they would not hurt the people if they could, and so kept in, that they could not hurt the people if they would. We have a constitution that's the wonder of the world ; and found fault with, only by those who want to rise upon its ruins. We have as much liberty as can make us happy, and some think more than does us good. We have the best laws in the world, if they were a little more strictly enforced ; and the best Church in the world, if it was better attended. The want of work is a serious grievance : let us take comfort—it does not proceed from man. In time, that *Providence*, who has led to peace with our enemies, will bring about employ for us all ; let us not revolt against him, on the contrary, be thankful for so great a mercy : I would rather trust to his blessing on the means our lawful rulers may adopt for removing all causes of uneasiness, than to these new quack doctors, whose physic is worse than the disease, and who to cure the tooth-ache would cut off the head. While Old England is safe, I'll glory in her, and pray for her ; and when she is in danger, I'll fight for her and die for her.

Tom. And so will I too, Jack ; that's what I will.—(*Sings.*)

“ O the roast beef of Old England.”

Jack. Thou art an honest fellow after all, Tom, as I am sure many of you are, if you were let alone.

Tom. This is Rose and Crown night, and Tim Standish is now speechifying. But I'll go and put an end to that fellow's works.

Jack. Come along.

Tom. No, first I'll go and make a bonfire, and light it with my books and my placards.

Jack. Hold, Tom! The next evil to a bitter enemy, is an imprudent friend. Burn thy papers at home, and let the bonfire alone. Whatever calls multitudes together, is always in danger of leading to mischief. If thou wouldst show thy love to thy king and country, let us have no meetings, no drinking, no bustle, no bonfires, but let us all put in practice this text, which our parson preached on last Sunday: "Study to be quiet, work with your own hands, and mind your own business."

Tom. And so I will, Jack: and I'll be master at home too.

"God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King."

[They depart singing.]

THE
VALLEY OF TEARS;

OR,
BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURTHENS.

A VISION.

ONCE upon a time methought I set out upon a long journey, and the place through which I travelled appeared to be a dark valley, which was called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained this name not only on account of the many sorrowful adventures which poor passengers commonly met with in their journey through it, but also because most of these travellers entered it weeping and crying, and left it in very great pain and anguish. This vast Valley was full of people of all colours, ages, sizes, and descriptions. But whether white, or black, or tawney, all were travelling the same road; or rather, they were taking different paths, which all led to the same common end.

Now it was remarkable, that notwithstanding the different complexions, ages, and tempers of this vast variety of people, yet all re-

sembled each other in this one respect, that each had a burthen on his back, which he was destined to carry through the toil and heat of the day, until he should arrive by a longer or shorter course, at his journey's end. These burthens would in general have made the pilgrimage quite intolerable, had not the Lord of the Valley, out of his great compassion for these poor pilgrims, provided, among many other things, the following means for their relief.

In their full view over the entrance of the Valley, there were written in great letters the following words :

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURTHENS.

Now I saw in my vision, that many of the travellers hurried on without stopping to read this inscription ; and others, though they had once read it, yet paid little or no attention to it. A third sort thought it very good advice for other people, but very seldom applied it to themselves. In short, I saw that too many of those people were of opinion, that they had burthens enough of their own, and that there was therefore no occasion to take upon them those of others ; so each tried to make his own load as light, and his own journey as pleasant as he could, without so much as once casting a thought on a poor overloaded neighbour. Here, however, I have to make a rather singular remark, by which I shall

plainly shew the folly of these selfish people. It was so ordered and contrived by the Lord of this Valley, that if any one stretched out his hand to lighten a neighbour's burthen, in fact he never failed to find that he at that moment also lightened his own. Besides, the obligation to help each other, and the benefit of doing so, were mutual. If a man helped his neighbour, it commonly happened that some other neighbour came by-and-by and helped him in his turn; for there was no such thing as what we call *independence* in the whole Valley. Not one of all these travellers, however stout and strong, could move on comfortably without assistance, for so the Lord of the Valley, whose laws were all of them kind and good, had expressly ordained.

I stood still to watch the progress of these poor wayfaring people, who moved slowly on, like so many ticket porters, with burthens of various kinds on their backs; of which some were heavier, and some were lighter, but from a burthen of one kind or other, not one traveller was entirely free.

THE WIDOW.

A sorrowful widow, oppressed with the burthen of grief for the loss of an affectionate husband, would have been bowed down by the heavy load, had not the surviving children, with great alacrity, stepped forward and supported her. Their kindness, after a while,

so much lightened the load, which threatened at first to be intolerable, that she even went on her way with cheerfulness.

THE HUSBAND.

I next saw a poor old man tottering under a burthen so heavy, that I expected him every moment to sink under it. I peeped into his pack, and saw it was made up of many sad articles; there was poverty, oppression, sickness, debt, and what made by far the heaviest part, undutiful children. I was wondering how it was that he got on even so well as he did, till I spied his wife, a kind, meek Christian woman, who was doing her utmost to assist him. She quietly got behind, gently laid her shoulder to the burthen, and carried a much larger portion of it than appeared to me when I was at a distance. She not only sustained him by her strength, but cheered him by her counsels. She told him that "through much tribulation we must enter into rest;" that "he that overcometh shall inherit all things." In short, she so supported his fainting spirit, that he was enabled to "run with patience the race that was set before him."

THE KIND NEIGHBOUR.

An infirm blind woman was creeping forward with a very heavy burthen, in which were packed sickness and want, with number-

less others of those raw materials, out of which human misery is worked up. She was so weak that she could not have got on at all, had it not been for the kind assistance of another woman almost as poor as herself; who, though she had no light burthen of her own, cheerfully lent an helping hand to a fellow-traveller who was still more heavily laden. This friend had, indeed, little or nothing to give, but the very voice of kindness is soothing to the weary. And I remarked in many other cases, that it was not so much the degree of help afforded, as the manner of helping, that lightened the burthens. Some had a coarse, rough, clumsy way of assisting a neighbour, which, though in fact it might be of real use, yet seemed, by galling the travellers, to add to the load it was intended to lighten; while I observed in others, that so cheap a kindness as a mild word, or even an affectionate look, made a poor burthened wretch move on cheerily. The bare feeling that some human being cared for him, seemed to lighten the load.

But to return to this kind neighbour. She had a little old book in her hand, the covers of which were worn out by much use. When she saw the blind woman ready to faint, she would read a few words out of this book, such as the following—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—"Blessed are they that mourn, for they

shall be comforted.”—“ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”—“ For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” The poor woman was comforted, and seemed to have forgotten her burthen.

THE CLERGYMAN.

A pious minister, sinking under the weight of a distressed parish, whose worldly wants he was totally unable to bear, was suddenly relieved by a good widow, who came up and took all the sick and hungry on her own shoulders. The burthen of the parish thus divided, became tolerable. The minister being no longer bowed down by the temporal distresses of his people, applied himself cheerfully to his own part of the weight. And it was pleasant to see how these two persons, neither of them very strong, or rich, or healthy, by thus kindly uniting together, were enabled to bear the weight of a whole parish; though singly, either of them must have sunk under the attempt. And I remember one great grief I felt during my whole journey was, that I did not see more of this union and concurring kindness, by which all the burthens might have been so easily divided. It troubled me to observe, that of all the laws of the Valley there was not one more frequently broken than *the law of kindness.*

THE NEGROES.

I now spied a swarm of poor black men, women, and children, a multitude which no man could number ; these groaned, and toiled, and sweated, and bled under far heavier loads than I had yet seen. But for a while no man helped them ; at length a few white travellers were touched with the sorrowful sighings of these millions, and very heartily did they put their hands to the burthens ; but their number was not quite equal to the work they had undertaken. I perceived, however, that they never lost sight of those poor heavy-laden wretches, and as the number of these generous helpers encreased, I felt a comfortable hope, that before all the blacks got out of the Valley, the whites would fairly divide the burthen, and the load would be effectually lightened*.

Among the travellers, I had occasion to remark, that those who most kicked and struggled under their burthens, only made them so much the heavier, for their shoulders became extremely galled by these vain struggles. The load, if borne patiently, would in the end have turned even to the advantage of the bearers, (for so the Lord of the Valley had kindly decreed), but as to these grumblers, they had all the smart and none of the benefit. But the

* This event so important to the comfort of millions, has since taken place.

thing which made all these burthens seem so very heavy was, that in every one, without exception, there was a certain *inner paquet*, which most of the travellers took pains to conceal, and carefully wrap up, and while they were forward enough to complain of the other part of their burthens, few said a word about this, though in truth it was the pressing weight of this *secret paquet* which served to render the general burthen so intolerable. In spite of all their caution, I contrived to get a peep at it. I found in each that this paquet had the same label; the word SIN was written on all as a general title, and in ink so black, that they could not wash it out. I observed that most of them took no small pains to hide the writing, but I was surprised to see that they did not try to get rid of the load, but the label. If any kind friend who assisted these people in bearing their burthens, did but so much as hint at the *secret paquet*, or advise them to get rid of it, they took fire at once, and commonly denied they had any such article in their portmanteau; and it was those whose *secret paquet* swelled to the most enormous size, who most stoutly denied they had any.

I saw with pleasure, that some who had long laboured heartily to get rid of this *inward paquet*, at length found it much diminished; and that the more this paquet shrunk in size, the lighter the other parts of their burthens gradually became.

And now there appeared suddenly, as if by the stroke of a magician's wand, burthens of a new and unexpected nature. While these poor travellers were beginning to pluck up their spirits, and to be thankful for the close of a long war which had unavoidably increased their load, the old burthens were suddenly enlarged, and innumerable fresh ones appeared. It made one's very heart ache to see so many travellers, lately so light-hearted, who though they *had* burthens, scarcely felt them, now sinking almost prostrate. Poverty in all its forms now bowing down to the earth, not only the sick, and the idle, and the depraved, but the industrious, the young and the healthy. But was there no helping hand left, no compassionate friend to be found? or did the prosperous, like the Priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side? No, the good Samaritan himself, He who is touched with the feeling of our infirmity, He who in all our afflictions is himself afflicted, moved the hearts of the affluent in favour of their more heavy-laden brethren. But though God is always better to us than our fears, it most unfortunately happened, that the kind helpers themselves were more heavily burdened than they had ever been before. You would have thought that so many suffered there would be none to assist. But this was not the case.

There was now nothing but bustle in the Valley. All were touched as with one com-

mon feeling. If there was much misery, there was much mercy also.—O ! it was a sight to melt the hardest heart to see one common sentiment of brotherhood and Christian charity influence all the superior inhabitants of the Valley : all was activity. Here you might see princes, and nobles, and merchants, in a country “ whose merchants are princes,” all contriving to make those burthens supportable which they could not wholly remove. There you might see individuals pressing to cheer individuals, societies to relieve societies, beautiful ladies putting their hands to lighten the load of mothers, and even children helping children. I saw that all this kindness gave consolation to every feeling and grateful heart, and Hope once more shed a ray of peace through the Valley.

But alas ! a dark cloud now began to spread over the whole Valley, and to overcast the brightening prospect. It was not of God’s sending ; for though nothing happens without his permission, many things happen to oppose his will. The real burthens of these poor travellers were now grievously aggravated by imaginary ones. Artful men were upon the watch how they could turn the actual sufferings of the travellers to their own account. They contrived a method by which the load on their backs might be swelled out to any size, by a material, of no weight in itself, but which by cunning heads practising on weak

ones might be made to feel as if it were a heavier weight than all their real hardships.

Their old tumours then were swelled out, and new ones raised by certain papers and little books which had the power over many silly travellers to infuse into them more pain and repining than all their solid sufferings. These papers purported that the present visitations of the Valley were not sent by God, but were the invention of their rulers. They told them that the sure way to get rid of all their burthens was to get rid of their governors both in heaven and earth, that every one of those poor men ought to be his own providence, his own law-giver; in short, that mis-rule and confusion, (which they took care to call by other names) would make them all free, rich, and happy at once.

Now these hollow-hearted men had every one of them a very large *secret paquet*, which they took special care to conceal by covering them with a large and very thick cloud. They thronged about some of the more ignorant and heavy-laden, with the most fawning expressions of affection, and the most deceitful promises of certain help; nay, they were so absurd that they promised to take off their whole burthens which their ancestors had carried from the days of Adam. They then thrust a list of their imaginary troubles into their bundles. The poor dupes received them gladly; but what is very remarkable, the less

there was in him, the heavier they were made to appear. The more extravagant the delusion, the more easy it was swallowed ; and it was curious to see poor fellows poking with eagerness the list of fancied sorrows into bags that really seemed before full of real ones. They who would not believe that a better season would bring more bread, were made to believe that it was in the power of the promiser by some hocus-pocus art, to produce it at once ; they were brought to believe that men who had no riches of their own, could cause a shower of gold to fall on the heads of the poor, and that with a *hey-presto-pass*, every thing could be made to change hands in an hour.

I remarked, however with pleasure, that the number of the deluded was comparatively small ; that it consisted chiefly of raw youths who were caught by novelty, and of idle men who were fond of a mob and an alehouse.

But it rejoiced me to see that the *generality* even of the heavy-laden did not lose their understanding with their prosperity ; that whatever they had lost, they had preserved their English character, their good principles, and good sense. So the small party stuck by the TALKERS and PROMISERS for a little time, and the great majority by the DOERS and the GIVERS.

Then methought, all at once, I heard as it had been the voice of an angel, crying out,

and saying to the overburthened Travellers, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—"Cast thy burthen upon the Lord, and he shall nourish thee." (Psalm 55.) Then the angel seemed to address himself in a tone of encouragement to the liberal *Helpers* of those who were oppressed with their load—"Inasmuch as you do it to one of the least of these, you do it unto me." This cheering approbation seemed to add to the bounty, as well as to purify the principles, and elevate the motives of the benefactors.

The heavenly voice then seemed to address itself to all the Travellers of every rank and description. "Ye afflicted pilgrims, why are ye troubled about the burthen which you, in common with every child of mortality, are doomed to bear through this Valley of Tears? Know ye not that as soon as you have escaped out of this Valley, the whole burthen shall at once drop off. But though I speak to *all*, this shall only be the case of those who by watching and prayer, have, by the aid of divine grace, subdued the *secret paquet, the burthen of sin*; who have looked to a better righteousness than their own for eternal salvation. Study then the word, and obey the will of the Lord of this Valley. Learn from his own teaching how your heaviest burthens may now be lessened, and how they shall soon be removed for ever. Be comforted. Faith and

Hope can cheer you, not only through this Valley, but through the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. The passage, though it seems long to weary travellers, is comparatively short, for there is beyond it a Land of everlasting Rest, where 'ye shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, where ye shall stray in green pastures, where ye shall be led by living waters,' and 'God himself shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.' "

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

ONCE Rome was disturbed, for what country but yields
It's Demagogues, Palace-Yards, Chiefs of Spa-Fields?
Though not a Republic, yet Rome loved a riot;
Where many are rulers, not any are quiet.

The folks discontented began to rebel,
A Parliament Man strove the tumult to quell;
I'd tell you his name, but 'tis really so hard,
"I would puzzle the reader, and puzzle the bard *.

This Parliament Man, such another as Pitt,
Like him saved the land by his courage and wit;
Oh! Pitt, guardian Angels what didst thou perform;
Heav'n's peace to "the Pilot that weather'd the
storm."

This man, who was one of the wisest of Romans,
Once told this short story in Rome's House of Com-
mons;

Thus he spoke to cut short a seditious oration;
"Once the *Belly* and *Limbs* on a certain occasion"—

Here he stopt, for loud hisses, and louder applause
Would have check'd him, but still he was true to his
cause,

He went on, "My good friends, a short tale I will
tell ye,

"Of a quarrel that chanc'd 'twixt the Limbs and the
"Belly.

* Menenius Agrippa.

" Said the Limbs, you are idle, and live in proud state,
" While we members do nothing but work, or but wait,
" *You've* got a rare time on't, *you* sit at *your* ease,
" And drive us poor drudges about as you please.

" 'Tis a sin and a shame, so pray lend us an ear,
" This usage, this bondage, no longer we'll bear."
Said the *Feet*, in a rage, " I have nothing to do
" But to trudge in the dirt, and to labour for you.

" I bring to the door the provisions you eat,
" 'Tis I get the trouble, but you get the meat :
" You'd better change manners, proud Sir, do you see,
" You can't stir a step, not an inch, without me."

Said the *Teeth*, " I'll not bite," said the *Throat*, " I'll
" not swallow,
" And if I don't feed you, your death will soon follow."
Said the *Hands*, " For a glutton no longer I'll work,
" If I strike a fresh stroke, may I die like a Turk."

" I've such heavy burthens to carry," says *Back*,
" That my sinews and bones are all ready to crack ;
" Brother *Knees* I desire you no longer will bow,
" At a tyrant's command, we'll resist him I vow."

The least of the *Fingers* now gave *themselves* airs,
And cried. " Let us manage the public affairs."
Nay, the rights of the *Toes* was now pleaded as great,
" We *Ten* are quite sure we can govern the State."

So they straightway for outrage began to prepare,
And each wall was placarded with diligent care ;
But lest they should seem due affection to want,
Friends, Brothers, and Countrymen, still was the
cant.

They depart, they agree that revenge they will seek,
We'll prove his destruction, we'll meet every week :
So they rush'd out in fury, resolved to resist,
And they published fresh papers to add to their list.

The Belly, 'tis true, soon became somewhat lank,
 But then every member with him also shrank :
 With scarce any strength left, they dragg'd to next
 meeting,
 How sunk were their spirits, how sad was their greet-
 ing.

At length they discovered 'twas what they deserved,
 That the Limbs with the Belly was more than half-
 starved ;

The *Feet* got the palsy, the *Hands* got the gout,
 Not an inch but was faint from the toe to the snout.

How different was this from each former profession,
 No shouting, no hissing, no talk of oppression ;
 Said the *Hands*, " Brother *Feet*, let's e'en seek our
 " old Friend,"

Says the *Feet*, " I'm scarce able the call to attend."

" I can work, but not govern," the *Hands* meekly
 cried,

" I can run, but not manage," the *Feet* then replied ;
 " 'Tis you, Brother *Tongue*, would have ruined us all,
 " Like poor silly sheep, we all ran at your call."

Quoth the *Knees*, " You had better submit Brother
 " *Back*,

" You are now a free horse, they'll soon make you a
 " hack,

" We all know what we are, but what we shall be,
 " If we change, is a secret to you, and to me."

The *Tongue* remained turbulent, noisy, and stout,
 But at length, left alone, he was forced to give out,
 And when he no more was allowed to complain,
 He was silent, and gave up the cause to the *Brain*.

Then they sought their old friend, and with cheerful
 submission,

Presented for pardon this sober petition :

" We're resolved for the future to make no more fuss,
" We can't do without you—you can't do without us."

So the good-natured *Belly* forgave them the wrong,
And soon with the *Limbs* grew both healthy and
strong;

They're a match for the world, when together they join,
But sep'rate they're nothing—they both must combine.

Here the Orator ceased, the applauses were loud;
And with joy, and affection, dispersed the whole crowd.

THE
PLOUGHMAN'S DITTY,
BEING AN ANSWER
TO THAT FOOLISH QUESTION,
"WHAT HAVE THE POOR TO LOSE?"

To the Tune of—" *He that has the best Wife.* "

BECAUSE I'm but poor,
And slender's my store,
That I've nothing to lose, is the cry, Sir ;
Let who will declare it,
I vow I can't bear it,
I give all such praters the lie, Sir.

Tho' my house is but small,
I might have none at all,
Should rebellion be brought into action ;
Shall my garden so sweet,
And my orchard so neat,
Be the prize of a jacobin Faction ?

On Saturday night
'Tis still my delight,
With my wages to run home the faster ;
But if riot rule here,
I may look far and near,
But I never shall find a paymaster.

I've a dear little wife,
Whom I love as my life ;
To lose her I should not much like, Sir ;
And 'twould make me run wild,
To see my sweet child
With its head on the point of a pike, Sir.

I've my church too to save,
And will go to my grave
In defence of a church that's the best, Sir
I've my King too, God bless him !
Let no man oppress him,
For none has he ever oppress'd, Sir ;

British laws for my guard,
My cottage is barr'd,
'Tis safe in the light or the dark, Sir ;
If the Squire should oppress,
I get instant redress
My orchard's as safe as his park, Sir.

My cot is my throne,
What I have is my own,
And what is my own I will keep, Sir ;
Should riot ensue,
I may plough it is true,
But I'm sure that I never shall reap, Sir.

Now do but reflect
What I have to protect,
Then doubt if to rise I shall choose, Sir ;
King, Church, Babes and Wife,
Laws, Liberty, Life,
Now tell me I've nothing to lose, Sir.

FAIR WORDS

AND

FOUL MEANINGS.

I'M a tradesman well known, though I boast not my
wit,

I've too much by the jacobin crew to be hit ;
Now forget for awhile the foul doctrines of Spence,
And hear my appeal to your sober good sense.

I'd gladly advise you, my friends, if I cou'd,
I've no end to answer, I seek but your good ;
The honest among you are caught by surprise,
How rejoic'd should I be could I open your eyes !

I've heard wise men say that 'tis *terms* which confuse ;
We should then be correct in the *words* which we use ;
Come let us examine the meaning of terms,
The perversion of which has help'd on our alarms.

A REFORMER ! 'twas once a most glorious name !
In him 'twas Religion that kindled the flame ;
He burnt at the stake, to the scaffold was driven,
In defence of the faith which he knew led to Heaven.

Perhaps you may think *that* high spirit still lives,
That the old in the modern Reformer survives ;
Then pray turn the picture, behold the reverse,
A Reformer now makes the good bad, the bad worse.

That church from the ancient Reformers which grew,
Is vilified, hated, and scorn'd by the new ;

Whatever *exists* they can no way endure,
Whate'er is *establish'd* is wrong they're quite sure.

A Reformer, in short, as has lately been shewn,
Is a thing who never can *let well alone* ;
To *things as they are*, he is never a friend,
So with him to destroy, is the short way to mend !

The things in *my* mind which make objects sublime,
Prescription, old usage, long trial, much time,
These upstart reformers, these new-fangled sages
Despise, just because 'tis the wisdom of ages.

And now to pursue this plain notion of mine,
Some other hard terms let us try to define ;
A PATRIOT ! this once was a name of renown,
One who bled for his country, and fought for the crown.

While the good *old* Reformer to prison was sent,
To send *others* thither the *new* one is bent ;
While that state for whose sake the *old* Patriot bled,
The *new* wou'd destroy, 'by destroying its head.

A true modern Patriot loves uproar and rout,
A modern Reformer all order will scout ;
While the good *ancient* patriot corrected abuses,
The *modern* converts the best things to worst uses.

There's one thing provokes me in those who deceive,
Of what they protest, not one word they believe ;
And while with such zeal their false notions they teach,
They laugh in their sleeve at the doctrines they preach.

Shou'd the freedom to vote be extended to all,
Wou'd it make our trade rise, or the price of bread
fall ?

Would you take the direction of all from His hand
Who governs so wisely the world he first plann'd ?

What would annual parliaments add to our quiet ?
Would idleness, drunkenness, check the wild riot ?

142 *Fair Words and Foul Meanings.*

One long Saturnalia * would fill human life,
One uproar eternal, one durable strife.

How wretched would then be each working man's lot!
His children forsaken, his duties forgot!
No house but the alehouse he'd seek every night;
No shop but the gin-shop by day would delight.

Thus all *moral* corruption, our land would endure
From the change, which you think all corruption
would cure;

And Britain, a name now admir'd by the world!
To the pit of destruction would quickly be hurl'd.

Our laws so rever'd, these new Patriot's abuse;
To submit to obey them they're proud to refuse;
Is this then the gift to posterity due?
'Twas not such that your fathers transmitted to you!

If our laws *do* exceed, as has lately been try'd,
They exceed (what a *fault*!) on the merciful side;
That they're mild in th' extreme you may easily see,
When such rebels as these are allow'd to go free?

* One day in the year devoted at Rome by the lower class to riot, debauchery, and the abuse of the higher ranks.

THE
LOYAL SUBJECT'S
POLITICAL CREED;
OR,
WHAT I *DO*, AND WHAT I DO *NOT* THINK.

Mock Creeds and Liturgies I'm told,
That make a Christian's blood run cold,
By Atheists and their friends are plann'd,
To shake the faith of Britain's land.

I'll tell you what *I* too believe,
My Creed no mortal shall deceive ;
No jesting *mine* with sacred things,
But what my own experience brings.

I do believe these times are sent
For warning, and for punishment ;
Of God's displeasure they're the token,
Because His holy laws are broken.

The Newgate Calendar I read,
Where crimes on crimes so thick succeed !
E'en boys commit, these records say,
" The oldest crimes the newest way."

I think Heaven's punishments are due
To Atheism and Sedition too ;
I think for these 'tis God's own sending,
And *not* because our laws want mending.

144 *The Loyal Subject's Political Creed.*

I *think* that lies, and oaths, and stealing,
More wound the soul, and shock the feeling,
Than yielding to the powers that be,
Or reverencing authority.

I do *not* think with *Mr* Spence,
Our piety is too *intense* ;
Nor do I think our Church wants mending,
But I *do* think it wants attending.

I *think* those men that magnify
Our wants, and raise a hue and cry,
Intend to make those wants a cause,
To shake our government and laws.

I *do* believe what hurts the grain,
Is not the *pensions*—but the *rain* ;
I do *not* think that rotten Boroughs,
Can mar the wheat, or drench the furrows.

I *think* that pensions ill applied
Are wrong, whichever be the side ;
But as rewards for faithful trust,
I think they're fairly earn'd and just.

I doubt if Peers with general summons,
Do fill th' elective House of Commons ;
But this, whate'er that's wrong it yields,
Stops not the trade in Spital-fields.

If Birmingham *ten* Members had,
Think you the times would be less bad ?
That annual Parliaments would tend
The price of bread or malt to mend ?

I rather, and with reason, think
'Twould tend to *raise* the price of drink ;
I'm sick of mending a *whole* nation,
Without more *private* reformation !

If general suffrage should proceed,
What general blessings wou'd succeed ?
Not rich and poor, but young and old,
Their share of government would hold !

What joy to hear th' inferior branches
Loud clamouring for th' elective franchise !
The RIGHTS OF BOYS, and RIGHTS OF WIVES,
Would crown the comfort of our lives !

For should the low expel the great,
And wise mechanics rule the state,
I think the son may well aspire,
To dispossess his *equal* sire !

If man alive can prove me wrong,
I'll change my note, and burn my song ;
But if my reasoning's sound indeed,
Till death I will maintain my Creed !

THE
CARPENTER;
OR,
THE DANGER OF EVIL COMPANY.

THERE was a young West-country man,
A Carpenter by trade ;
A skilful wheelwright too was he,
And few such waggons made.

No man a tighter barn cou'd build,
Throughout his native town,
Thro' many a village round was he,
The best of workmen known.

His father left him what he had,
In sooth it was enough ;
His shining pewter, pots of brass,
And all his household stuff.

A little cottage too he had,
For ease and comfort plann'd,
And that he might not lack for aught,
An acre of good land.

A pleasant orchard too there was
Before his cottage door ;
Of cider and of corn likewise,
He had a little store.

Active and healthy, stout and young,
No business wanted he ;
Now tell me, reader, if you can,
What man more blest could be ?

To make his comfort quite complete,
He had a faithful wife ;
Frugal and neat, and good was she,
The blessing of his life.

Where is the lord, or where the squire
Had greater cause to praise
The goodness of that bounteous hand,
Which blest his prosperous days ?

Each night when he return'd from work,
His wife so meek and mild,
His little supper gladly dress'd,
While he caress'd his child,

One blooming babe was all he had,
His only darling dear,
The object of their equal love,
The solace of their care.

O what could ruin such a life,
And spoil so fair a lot ;
O what could change so kind a heart,
All goodness quite forgot ?

With grief the cause I must relate,
The dismal cause reveal,
'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,
The source of every ill.

A cooper came to live hard by,
A leveller was he,
Who many an artful tale could tell
How all might soon be free.

This man with democratic cant
Cou'd prate how all was wrong,
And those who heard him sing or talk,
Ne'er thought the evening long.

The Carpenter.

He took advantage of the times,
Low trade, and price of bread,
And swore it was our rulers' fault,
The poor so ill were fed.

Our Carpenter delighted much
To hear the cooper talk,
And with him to the alehouse oft
Wou'd take his evening walk.

He told him labour was in vain,
To work wou'd serve no end,
To meet, to rail, to speechify
Alone the times cou'd mend.

The Carpenter, poor thoughtless man !
Believ'd his idle prate,
Soon learn'd to drink, to grow profane,
To mock at Church and State.

His hammer now neglected lay,
For work he little car'd ;
Half-finish'd wheels and broken tools,
Were strew'd about his yard.

To get him to attend his work,
No prayers cou'd now prevail ;
His hatchet and his plane forgot,
He never drove a nail.

His cheerful ev'nings now no more,
With peace and plenty smil'd ;
No more he sought his pleasing wife,
Nor hugg'd his smiling child.

For not his drunken nights alone
Were with the cooper past,
His days were at the Angel spent,
And still he stay'd the last.

No handsome Sunday suit was left,
Nor decent Holland shirt :
No nosegay mark'd the Sabbath day,
But all was rags and dirt.

No more his Church he did frequent,
A symptom ever sad ;
Where once the Sunday is mis-spent,
The week days must be bad,

The cottage mortgag'd for its worth,
The favourite orchard sold,
He soon began to feel th' effects
Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter dishes one by one
Were pawn'd, till none was left ;
And wife and babe at home remain'd,
Of every help bereft.

By chance he call'd at home one night,
And in a surly mood,
He bade his weeping wife to get
Immediately some food.

His empty cupboard well he knew,
Must needs be bare of bread ;
No rasher on the rack he saw,
Whence could he then be fed ?

His wife a piteous sigh did heave,
And then before him laid
A basket cover'd with a cloth,
But not a word she said.

Then to her husband gave a knife
With many a silent tear,
In haste he tore the cover off,
And saw his child laid there.

The Carpenter.

“ There lies thy babe,” the mother said,
“ Oppress’d with famine sore ;
“ O kill us both—’twere kinder far,
“ We cou’d not suffer more.”

The Carpenter, struck to the heart,
Fell on his knees straitway ;
He wrung his hands——confess’d his sins,
And did both weep and pray.

From that same hour the cooper more
He never wou’d behold ;
Nor wou’d he to the alehouse go
Had it been pav’d with gold.

His wife forgave him all the past,
And sooth’d his sorrowing mind,
And much he griev’d that e’er he wrong’d
The worthiest of her kind.

By lab’ring hard, and working late,
By industry and pains,
His cottage was at length redeem’d,
And sav’d were all his gains.

His Sundays now at Church were spent,
His home was his delight ;
The following verse himself he made,
And read it every night :

Bad company and love of drink,
Our chiefest mis’ries bring ;
They taught me to forsake my God,
And to revile my King.

THE
TRUE RIGHTS OF MAN;
OR, THE
CONTENTED SPITAL-FIELDS' WEAVER.

I'VE been searching the sorrows that trouble my mind,
But repining and murmurs I no where can find;
And tho' for the present some wants I endure,
I envy no great ones because I am poor.

That the rich do not work some pretend to complain,
While they hint that the poor do but labour in vain;
But is there no labour then, let me demand,
But the march of the foot or the work of the hand?

'Tis the HEAD that directs, 'tis the HEART that supplies
Life, vigour, and motion to hands, feet, and eyes:
Tho' different our stations, some great and some small,
One labours for each, and each labours for all.

That some *must* be poorer, this truth I will sing,
Is a law of my Maker, and not of my king:
And the true *Rights of Man*, and the life of his cause,
Is not equal POSSESSIONS, but equal just LAWS.

If accus'd, I am tried, to my peers I appeal,
Not smuggled, unheard, to some dismal Bastile;
Nor like the poor French popp'd off to Cayenne,
Without any chance to be heard of again.

If I'm wrong, to the laws I am bound to submit,
If I'm right, O how glad are those laws to acquit!
If the right to correct to my judges belong,
Iv'e a right to avoid it—by doing no wrong.

If sickness o'ertake me, the laws of the land
Hold out to my wants a compassionate hand ;
Should some churlish churchwarden presume to oppress,
At the next justice-meeting I straight get redress.

If I scrape up but forty good shillings a year,
I help govern the land as I'll make it appear ;
For the makers of laws, my brave lads, do you see,
Are elected by folks not much richer than me.

From the parliament man if he prove a turn-coat,
I've a right to withhold as to give him my vote ;
And if British laws I am bound to respect,
Those laws will my substance and person protect.

Equal rights, equal freedom, all Britons possess,
The richest not more, and the poorest not less ;
But all rights have their bounds, for the right to do evil,
Is no right of man, but the right of the devil.

I've a right to my Bible, a right I will use,
A right which no mortal to me shall refuse ;
My excellent pastor has taught me to pray,
My Saviour to love, and my king to obey.

His instructions have mended both me and my neigh-
bours,

And scores now in Heaven bless God for his labours :
My peace these short trials shall never destroy,
My troubles are transient, eternal my joy.

THE
FORTUNATE FARTHING.

A NEW SONG.

A YOUNG Manufacturer, healthy and strong,
I choose for the subject to grace my short song ;
He too, like his neighbours, is pinch'd by the times,
But no scarcity tempts him to share in its crimes.

A Jacobin meeting he never would join,
He thought ruling the State was quite out of his
line ;

For he knew the great secret of peace to a nation,
Is for every man in it to keep his own station.

When REFORM was the *word*, but DESTRUCTION
the *thing*,

He stood firm as a rock to his God and his King ;
To reform his own heart, and to pray for the land,
Was all the reform that young Dobson e'er plann'd.

While some neighbours resorted with eager delight
To the REGISTER Banquet on Saturday night,
T' enjoy all the mischiefs the week had collected,
In a Paper where TRUTH is not greatly respected ;

To all their entreaties he turn'd a deaf ear,
And ne'er would be seen at the sign of the Bear ;
When press'd by the spokesman most warmly to come,
His duty, his pleasure, all center'd at home.

Thus firmly refusing, they laugh'd him to scorn,
 As the meanest of misers that ever was born ;
 Said, one Penny he grudg'd, the good cause to sup-
 port,

And therefore kept clear of this fav'rite resort.

He replied, " these bad times you contrive to make
 worse,

" For railing and drinking fill no empty purse ;

" 'Tis true I've but little for meat or for bread,

" Yet I like to be taught as I like to be fed :

" So six neighbours between us most cordially join,

" And we take ANTI-COBETT, and read ev'ry line ;

" A FARTHING a week is no very great cost,

" And I've reason to hope that this farthing's not lost.

" For though we don't need it to ope' *our own eyes*,

" We can lend it to those who are poison'd with lies ;

" Nay, th' effect we already with pleasure discern,

" In some who right reason are ready to learn.

" Tom Wilson the glazier, sincerely begins

" To repent him of all his political sins ;

" And Saunders, who once all their falsehoods be-
 liev'd,

" Now confesses how sadly they've all been deceiv'd.

" Half a dozen good Weavers who work in our shop,

" Their mischievous talk are beginning to drop ;

" They lament they were caught for a time by sur-
 prize,

" But good ANTI-COBETT has open'd their eyes.

" So we'll lend it to some, and get others to buy ;

" 'Till none shall believe in the SATURDAY's lie ;

" And we'll wait till our Maker shall plenty restore,

" And pray for his grace to offend him no more."

AN
ADDRESS
TO
THE MEETING AT SPA-FIELDS.

WHAT follies, what falsehoods were uttered in vain,
To disturb our repose by that Jacobin PAINÉ !
Shall Britons, that traitor who scorn'd to obey,
Of Leaders not better become the vile prey ?

The Knaves think to cheat you in Friendship's disguise,

For all they have told you they know to be lies ;
They mean not to serve you, you are but their tools ;
How dare they cajole you, as if you were fools ?

They make you their dupes, on your shoulders they'd ride,

And when they have used you, they'd kick you aside,
Then shun these deceivers, to England be true,
And care not for miscreants, who care not for you.

Now hear a kind friend, and I'll tell you a story,
How poor faithful Britons may rise to true glory ;
For you'll ne'er mend your fortunes, nor help the just cause,

By breaking of windows, or breaking of laws.

That " ENGLAND EXPECTS YOU SHOULD ALL DO
YOUR DUTY,"

Is a phrase, I am sure, that cannot be new t'ye ;

156 *An Address to the Meeting at Spa-Fields.*

But can you your Hero so sadly debase,
With *him* to confound this degenerate race ?

Shall men, who once conquer'd at famed Trafalgar,
Begin at Spa-fields, then, to wage civil war ?
Shall the glory of Englishmen ever be stain'd ?
Shall Spa-fields thus lose all that Waterloo gain'd ?

They assert that " MISFORTUNE NO FURTHER
CAN GO * ;"

They forget that a prison is still greater woe :
They tell you " THE CLIMAX OF MISERY IS
GAINED * ;"

They forget to inform you a gibbet remain'd.

Thus to prisons and gibbets these Traitors would bring
The Briton who now loves his Country and King ;
Then cheer up, my lads, then be patient awhile,
Abhor these deceivers who stab while they smile.

The rich meet together your wants to redress,
They pity your sorrows : they mourn your distress ;
They deny themselves daily of all they can spare,
That their poor honest neighbours shall have a good
share.

Employment they'll give to the able and strong,
And nourishing food to the helpless and young ;
And He who the multitude graciously fed,
Will not long from his servants withhold daily bread.

* See the Address.

THE
MARKET-HOUSE ORATOR;
OR,
THE LOYAL WEAVERS.

THERE liv'd a young Weaver I name not the place,
For fear I should bring a good town to disgrace;
All day he was idle, the neighbours can tell,
And he spent every night at the sign of the Bell.

Inflam'd by the papers which lay on the table,
He read, and he drank, and he spouted while able;
With th' exploits of Spa-fields his fancy was fir'd,
Till to deeds as heroic himself was inspir'd.

“ I've heard people say, again and again,

“ That 'tis reading great actions which makes your
great men,

“ So I study our Champion, who gives such rare laws,

“ And who is, his own self, the great pattern he draws!

“ In the country I'd rather be first in renown,

“ Than stoop to be second in London's great town;

“ So I'll straight set to work, and if I succeed,

“ My name in the papers 'ere long you may read.

“ A candidate I for unperishing fame,

“ The Friend of the People, my glorious name!”

Half muddled with politics, dizzy with drink,

He form'd his new plan, though scarce able to think.

Next morning he sallied forth into the street,
 And each man he met condescended to greet ;
 He had sent out his scouts to assemble his neighbours,
 And promis'd a recompence due to their labours.

Great numbers were met, and he saw with delight
 The Market-place fill'd—what a ravishing sight !
 With the old pompous words he began his oration,
 " Friends, cœuntrymen, lose not this glorious occasion !"

Then rung all the changes, so much now the fashion,
 Of sinecure, pension-list, representation :
 You'd have thought that these causes (to hear him
 complain,)

Had ruined the harvest, and rotted the grain.

" Come follow the leader who now stands before ye,
 " I'll bring you to plenty, I'll lead you to glory ;
 " You want but a head, then straight follow *me*,
 " I'll make you all rich, all happy, all free."

To plenty they show'd no objection, 'tis true,
 But with glory they thought they had little to do ;
 So they stirr'd not a foot—disappointed they stood,
 " Why, I fancied you all had been true men and good."

" We only want work," they replied, "'tis that fails ;"
 " I'll give you all work, we'll go pull down the Jails ;
 " I'll exchange your vile bondage for freedom and joy,
 " Each frame we'll demolish, each loom we'll destroy.

" But my good old companions—why are they not here ?
 " Not one should be wanting whene'er I appear ;
 " Where's Tim Jenkins ?" one answer'd, as still as a
 mouse,

" He is gone for his dinner to yonder great house :

" Two days in a week he is fed by the 'Squire,
 " Whose kindness appears as it never would tire ;"
 " Where's Jerry and Dick ?"—" They're not far away,
 " The Parson distributes potatoes to-day :

- “ He cannot afford entirely to *give*,
“ But he sells at half-price, so thou see'st we may live ;”
“ Where's Lovell ?”—“ He's nursing the babies at home,
“ That his wife to the flannel subscription may come.”
“ Where's Jack Wilkes ?”—“ He got drunk at the nightly potation,
“ By attending the meeting for mending the nation ;
“ Spent all—would have died—till at last forc'd to stoop,
“ His health is restor'd by the gentlefolks soup.”
“ And where is Will Thompson ? the foremost of all,
“ To stand up for his country whenever I call ?”
One answer'd—“ Poor Will, once so fond of a riot,
“ From his Church and his Bible has learnt to be quiet.”
“ They're a pack of tame knaves then,” the Orator cried,
“ But I'll do without *them*, with you at my side :
“ I shall lead, you will follow, come, give in your names,
“ Now away for the workshops, now death to the frames !
“ Not a loom shall be left, and if any oppose us,
“ They shall bear the disgrace, and shall get bloody noses ;
“ I'll arm you, good fellows, with right trusty blades,
“ Throw away those base tools, of what use are those spades ?”
One gravely replied, “ I will tell thee their use,
“ So keep back thy nonsense, and stop thy abuse :
“ Our gentlemen see that the times are so hard,
“ That to work at our trade, for a time we're debarr'd :
“ They pity our case, and assemble each neighbour,
“ To help our distress, and provide us with labour ;

- " Their kind dispositions they've feelingly show'd,
 " So some work in their gardens, and some on the road;
 " The heights we will level, th' obstructions we'll clear,
 " Till a fine gravel walk the highways shall appear :
 " If they can't give full wages, they'll give what they
 can
 " For the rents of the great, all come short to a man.
 " Mr. Orator spokesman—*employment* you'd find,
 " Is good for the body, and good for the mind :
 " Who loves work, abhors riot, our trade will return,
 " But how shall we weave, if our workshops we burn?"

In a rage, quoth the Patriot, " You're scoundrels and knaves ;

" Do you know, you vile drudges, you'll live and die slaves ?

" So you won't pull the Jails down ?"—they answer'd
 " That's true,

" We'll leave them to hold such vile fellows as you.

" We know what you mean by your grand word
 REFORM,

" Why 'tis pestilence, hurricane, tempest, and storm ;

" Thy counsel our necks to the Gallows would bring,

" So take up your spades, boys ; and God save the
 King !"

THE END.

